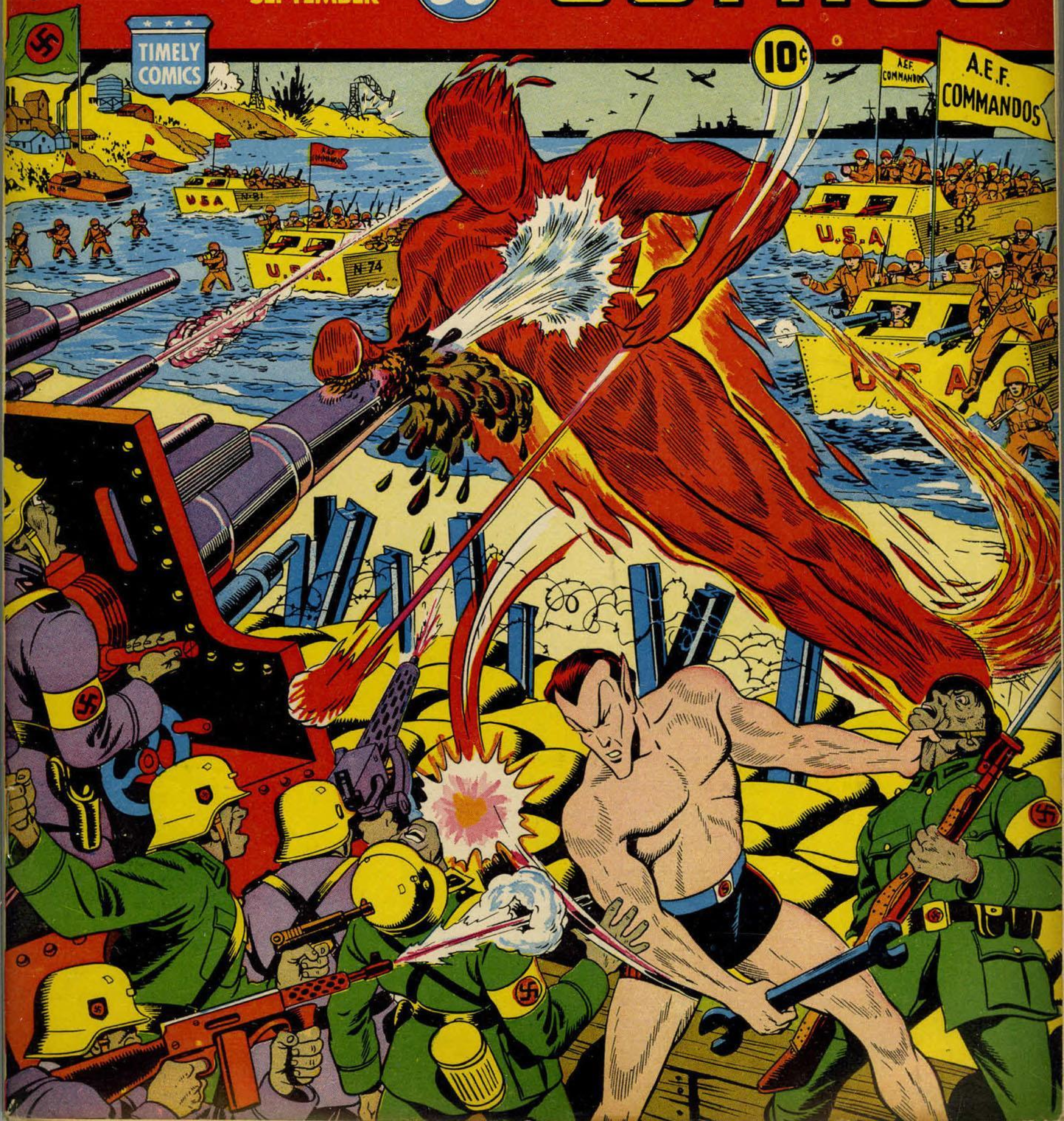
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

SEPTEMBER

NO. 35

TIMELY COMICS

10¢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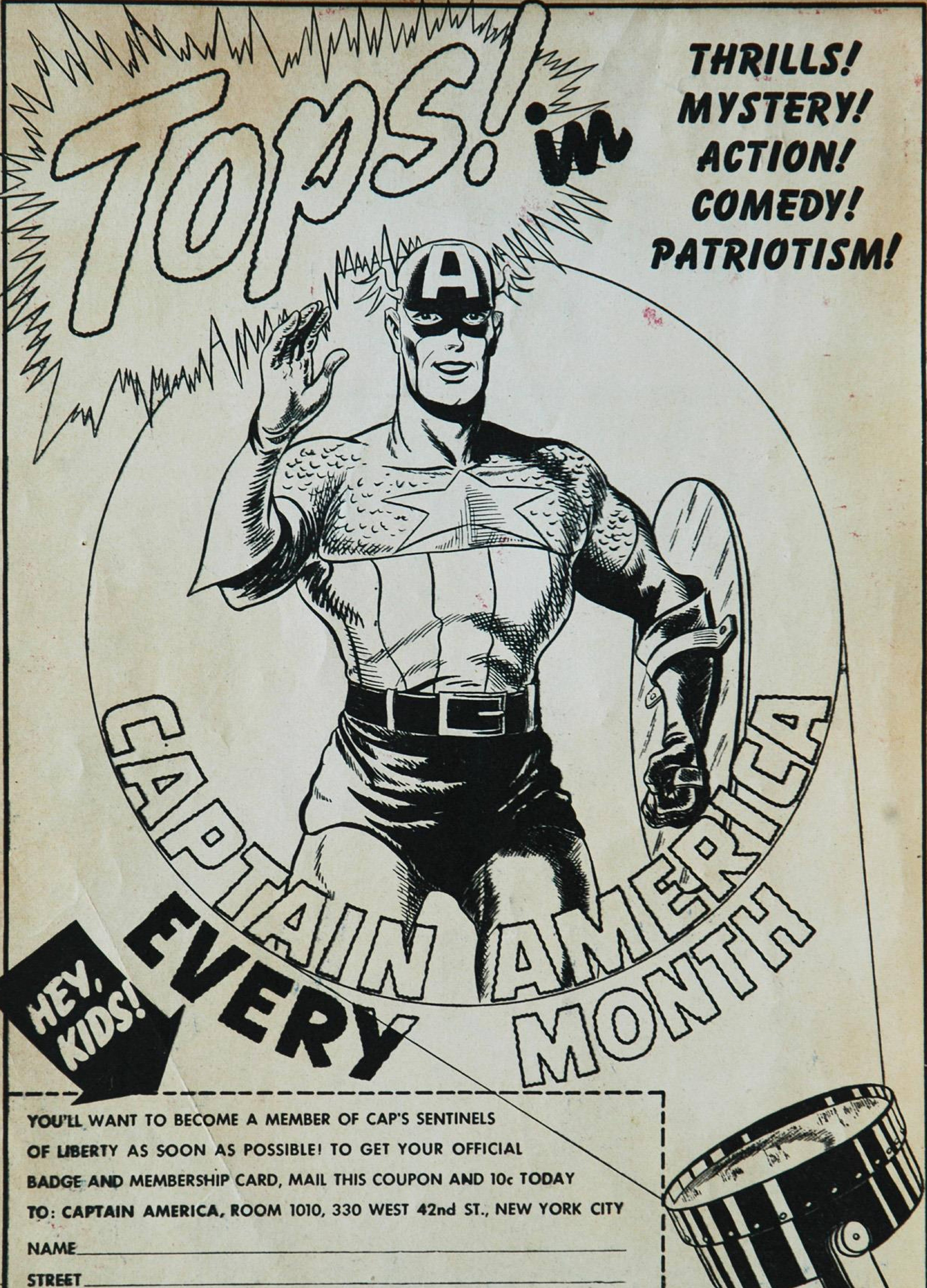
Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH
LEE
KING

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME______________________________

STREET____________________________

CITY AND STATE________________________

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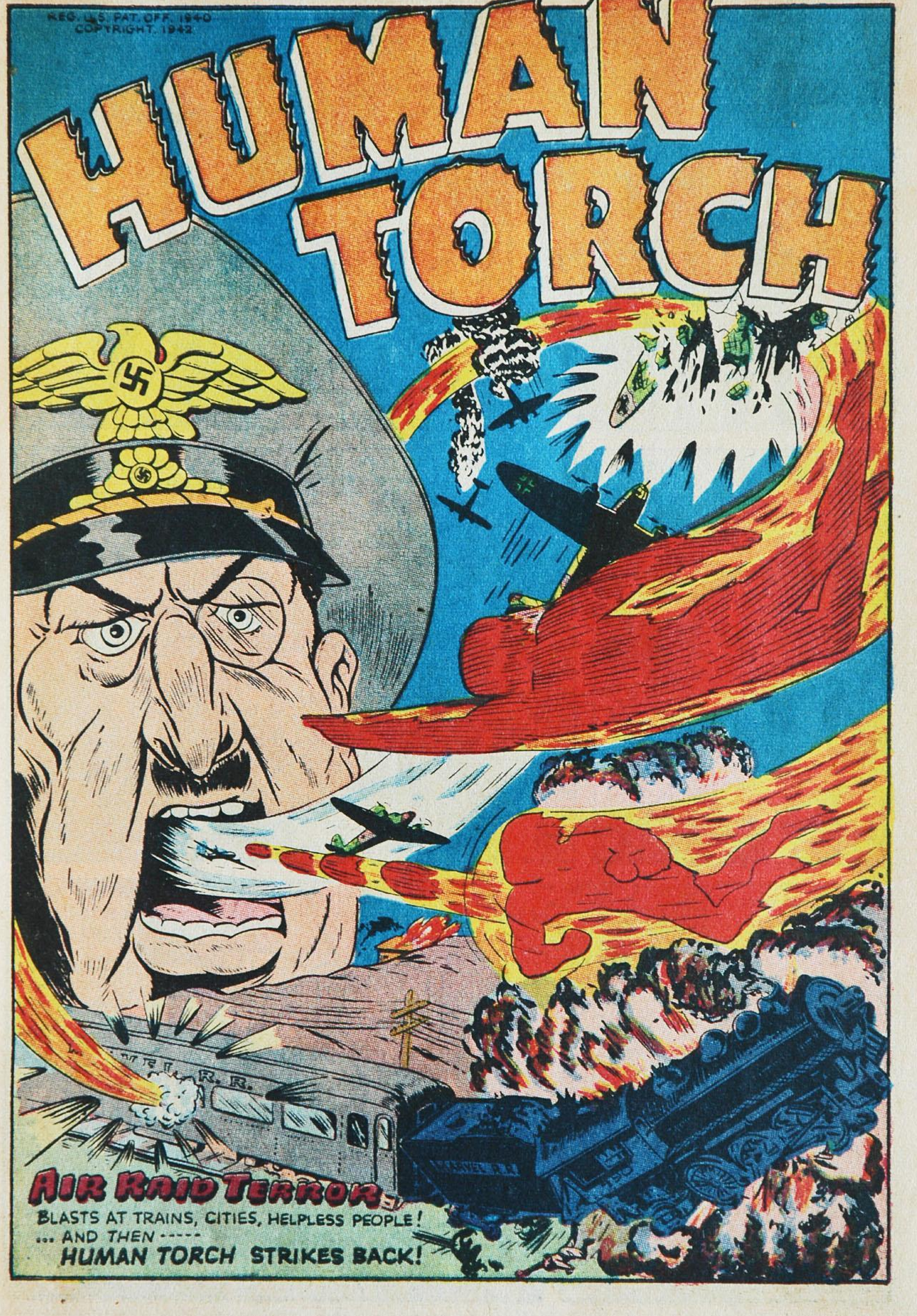
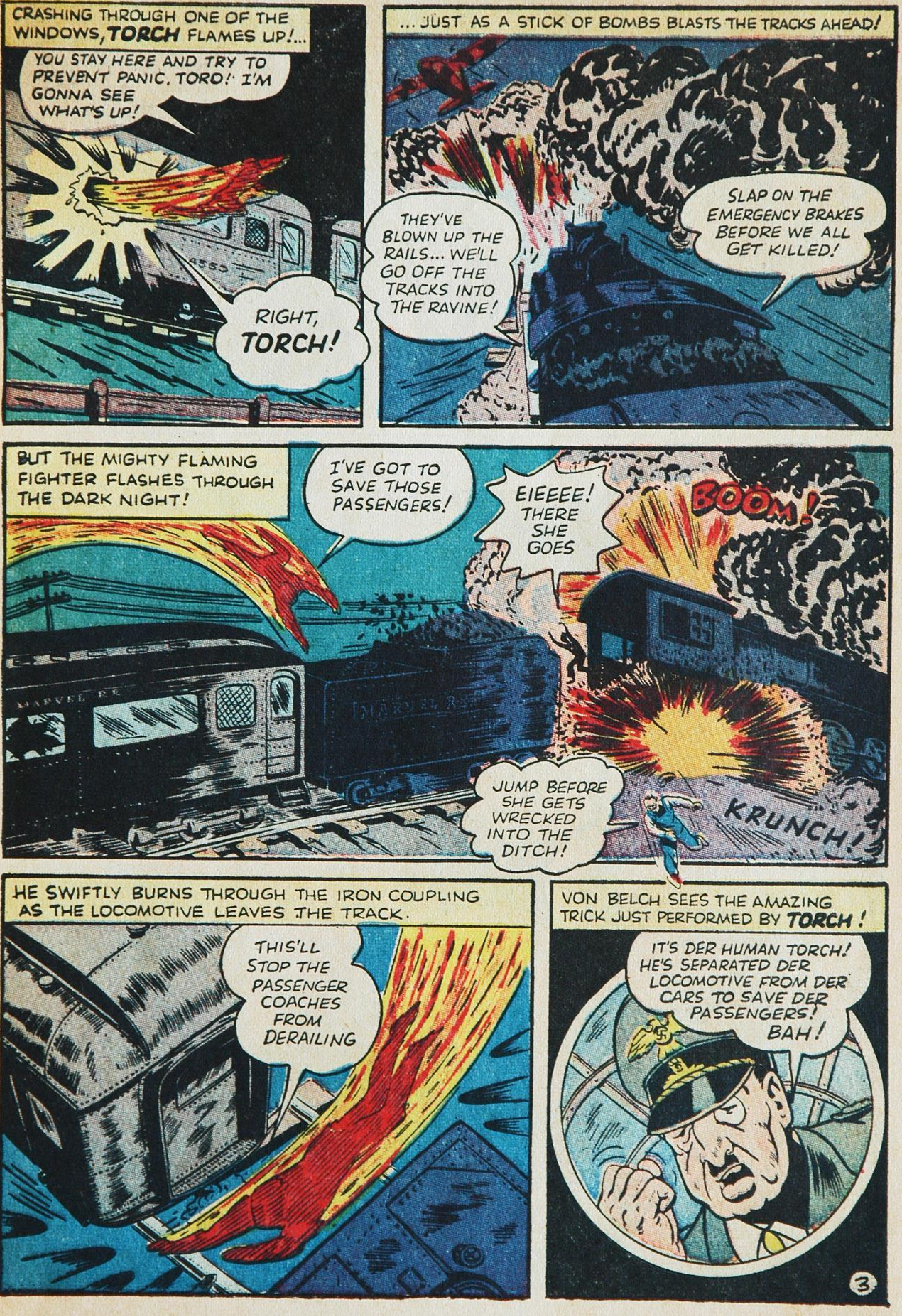
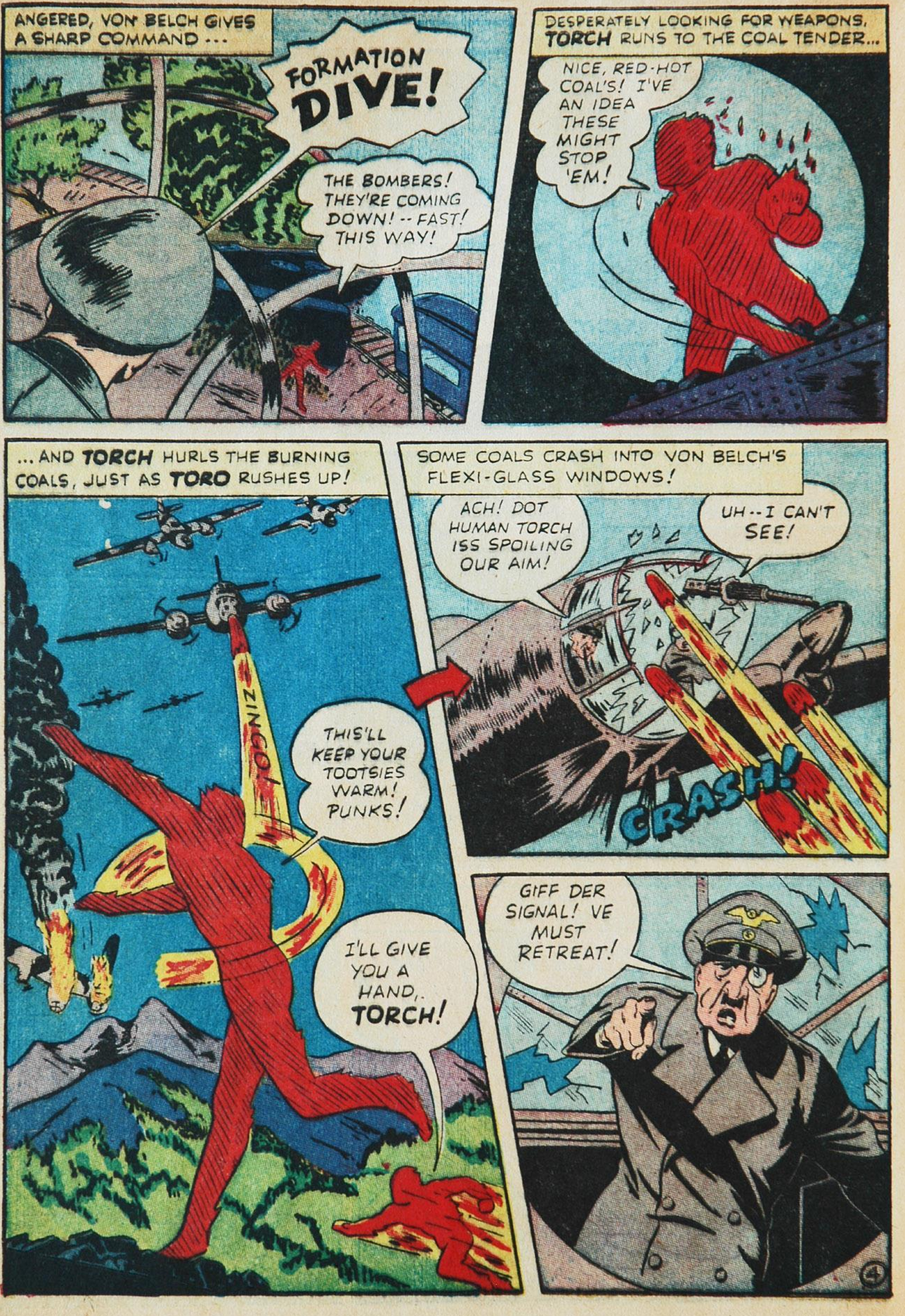
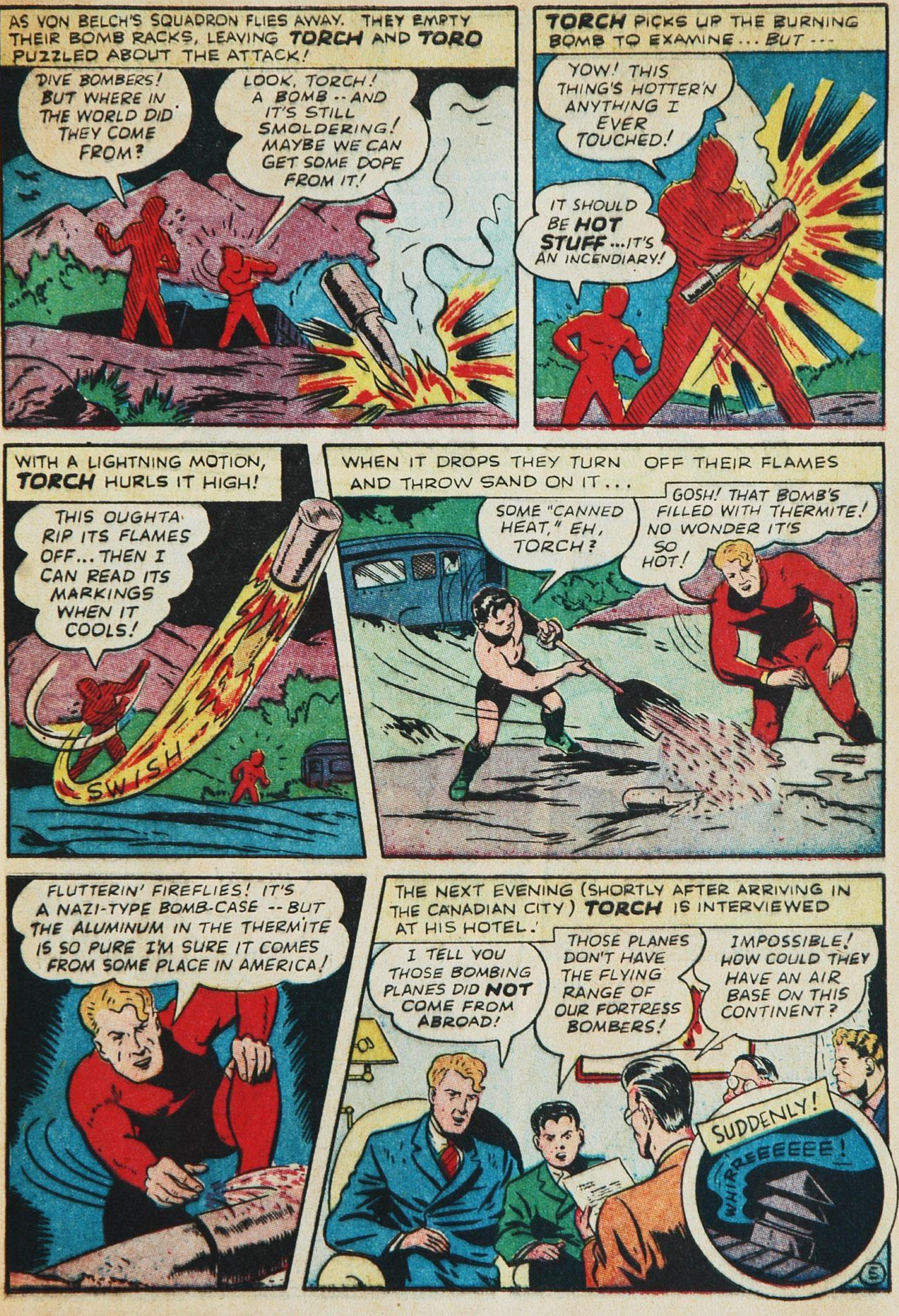
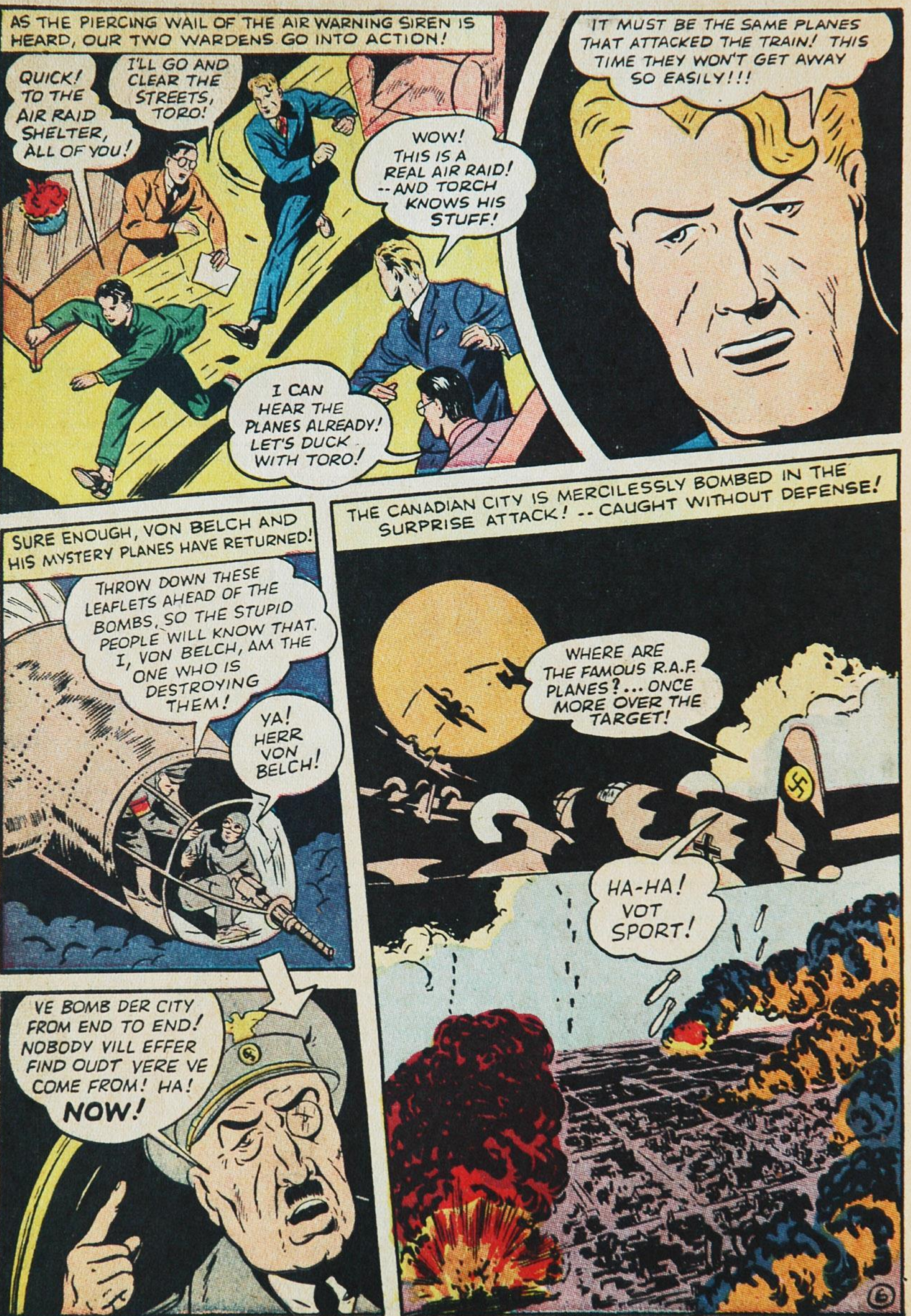

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942
HUMAN TORCH
R.R.
AIR RAID TERROR
BLASTS AT TRAINS, CITIES, HELPLESS PEOPLE!
... AND THEN -----
HUMAN TORCH STRIKES BACK!

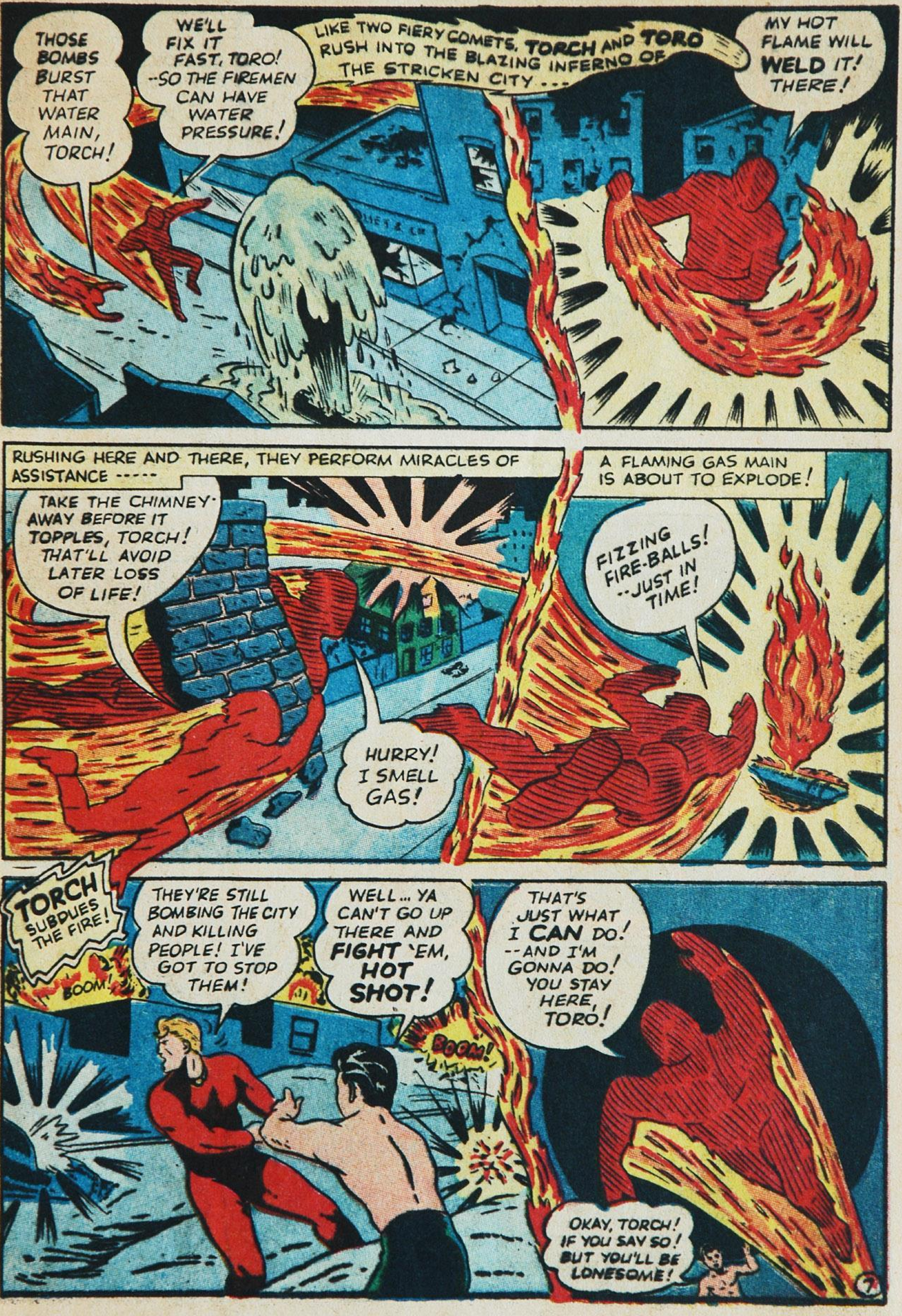
AS THE CLOCK STRIKES, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO END THEIR AIR RAID WARDENS' DUTIES...
WELL, MR. MESSENGER! THAT WINDS UP OUR LAST TOUR OF DUTY BEFORE VACATION!
YES, HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIOR WARDEN! AND SAID VACATION STARTS TOMORROW! (I HOPE!!!)
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR CANADA...
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'VE EVEN GOT AIR RAID SIRENS IN TRAINS!
YOU BET, MY LITTLE FIRE-EATER! WE'RE AT WAR, YOU KNOW!
PULL IN CASE OF AIR ALAR
$1000.00 FINE
AIR RAID NOTICE
THERE'S A STRONG CHANCE OF ENEMY AIR ATTACKS THIS SUMMER -- WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!
LATER, WHILE THE TRAIN STREAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT, MYSTERIOUS PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD...
READY, VON BELCH?
THIS IS THE EXPRESS, ALL RIGHT! .. READY!
YA! DER TRAIN ISS BELOW! DROP DER BOMBS!
Suddenly...
WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
I HEAR PLANES!
DOUSE DE LIGHTS!
HELP!
LIGHTS OUT!
BE CALM, EVERYBODY!
IT'S BOMBS, ALL RIGHT!

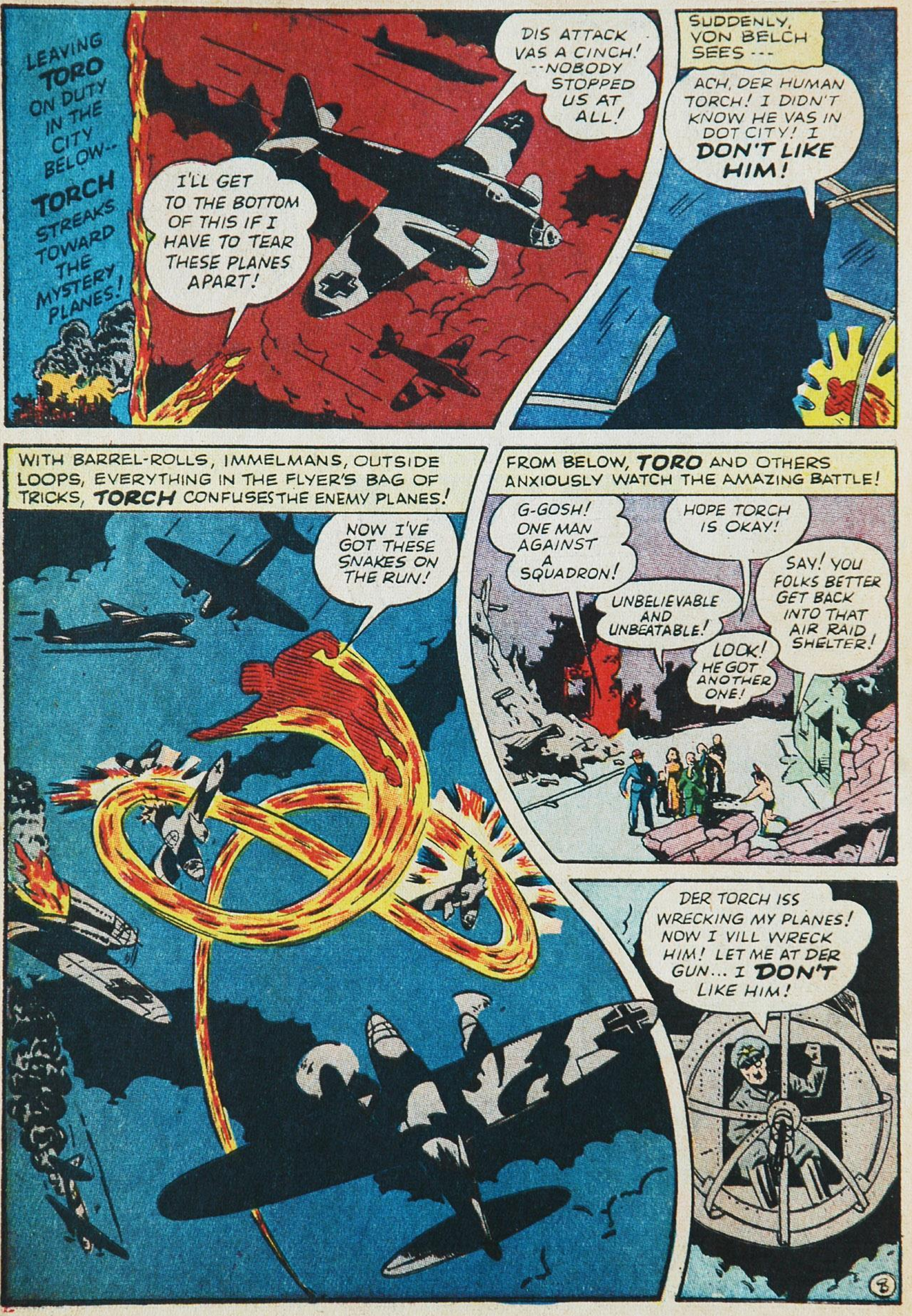

CRASHING THROUGH ONE OF THE WINDOWS, **TORCH** FLAMES UP!...
YOU STAY HERE AND TRY TO PREVENT PANIC, TORO! I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S UP!
RIGHT, **TORCH!**
... JUST AS A STICK OF BOMBS BLASTS THE TRACKS AHEAD!
THEY'VE BLOWN UP THE RAILS... WE'LL GO OFF THE TRACKS INTO THE RAVINE!
SLAP ON THE EMERGENCY BRAKES BEFORE WE ALL GET KILLED!
BUT THE MIGHTY FLAMING FIGHTER FLASHES THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS!
EIEEEE! THERE SHE GOES
BOOM!
MARVEL R.R.
MARVEL R.R.
JUMP BEFORE SHE GETS WRECKED INTO THE DITCH!
KRUNCH!
HE SWIFTLY BURNS THROUGH THE IRON COUPLING AS THE LOCOMOTIVE LEAVES THE TRACK.
THIS'LL STOP THE PASSENGER COACHES FROM DERAILING
VON BELCH SEES THE AMAZING TRICK JUST PERFORMED BY **TORCH** !
IT'S DER HUMAN TORCH! HE'S SEPARATED DER LOCOMOTIVE FROM DER CARS TO SAVE DER PASSENGERS! BAH!

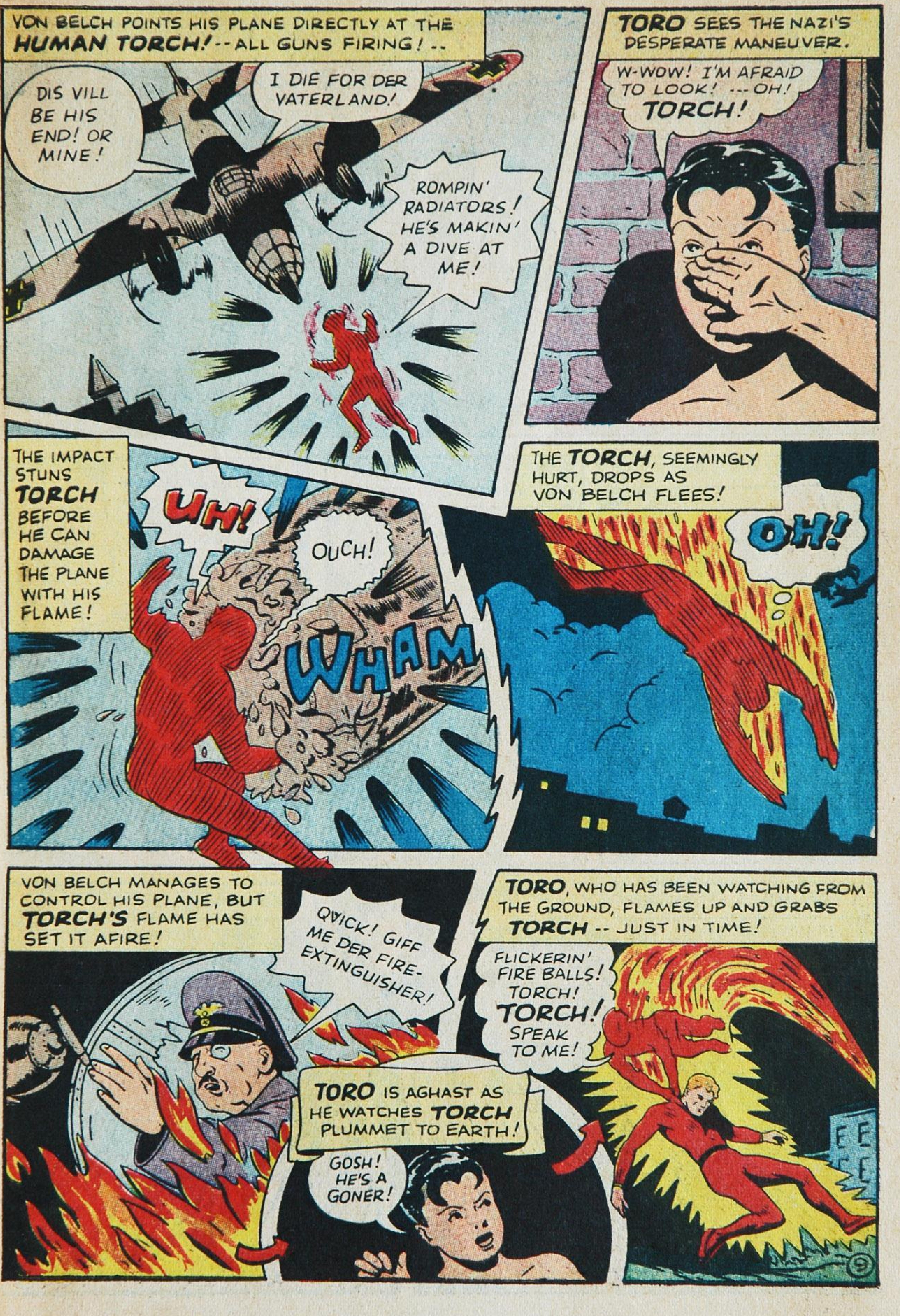

ANGERED, VON BELCH GIVES A SHARP COMMAND ...
FORMATION DIVE!
THE BOMBERS! THEY'RE COMING DOWN! -- FAST! THIS WAY!
DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR WEAPONS, TORCH RUNS TO THE COAL TENDER...
NICE, RED-HOT COAL'S! I'VE AN IDEA THESE MIGHT STOP 'EM!
... AND TORCH HURLS THE BURNING COALS, JUST AS TORO RUSHES UP!
ZING
THIS'LL KEEP YOUR TOOTSIES WARM! PUNKS!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, TORCH!
SOME COALS CRASH INTO VON BELCH'S FLEXI-GLASS WINDOWS!
ACH! DOT HUMAN TORCH ISS SPOILING OUR AIM!
UH -- I CAN'T SEE!
CRASH!
GIFF DER SIGNAL! VE MUST RETREAT!
4


AS VON BELCH'S SQUADRON FLIES AWAY. THEY EMPTY THEIR BOMB RACKS, LEAVING TORCH AND TORO PUZZLED ABOUT THE ATTACK!
DIVE BOMBERS! BUT WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THEY COME FROM?
LOOK, TORCH! A BOMB -- AND IT'S STILL SMOLDERING! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME DOPE FROM IT!
TORCH PICKS UP THE BURNING BOMB TO EXAMINE ... BUT ---
YOW! THIS THING'S HOTTER'N ANYTHING I EVER TOUCHED!
IT SHOULD BE HOT STUFF ... IT'S AN INCENDIARY!
WITH A LIGHTNING MOTION, TORCH HURLS IT HIGH!
THIS OUGHTA RIP ITS FLAMES OFF ... THEN I CAN READ ITS MARKINGS WHEN IT COOLS!
SWISH
WHEN IT DROPS THEY TURN OFF THEIR FLAMES AND THROW SAND ON IT ...
SOME "CANNED HEAT," EH, TORCH?
GOSH! THAT BOMB'S FILLED WITH THERMITE! NO WONDER IT'S SO HOT!
FLUTTERIN' FIREFLIES! IT'S A NAZI-TYPE BOMB-CASE -- BUT THE ALUMINUM IN THE THERMITE IS SO PURE I'M SURE IT COMES FROM SOME PLACE IN AMERICA!
THE NEXT EVENING (SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVING IN THE CANADIAN CITY) TORCH IS INTERVIEWED AT HIS HOTEL.
I TELL YOU THOSE BOMBING PLANES DID NOT COME FROM ABROAD!
THOSE PLANES DON'T HAVE THE FLYING RANGE OF OUR FORTRESS BOMBERS!
IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD THEY HAVE AN AIR BASE ON THIS CONTINENT?
SUDDENLY!
WHIRREEEEEE!
5

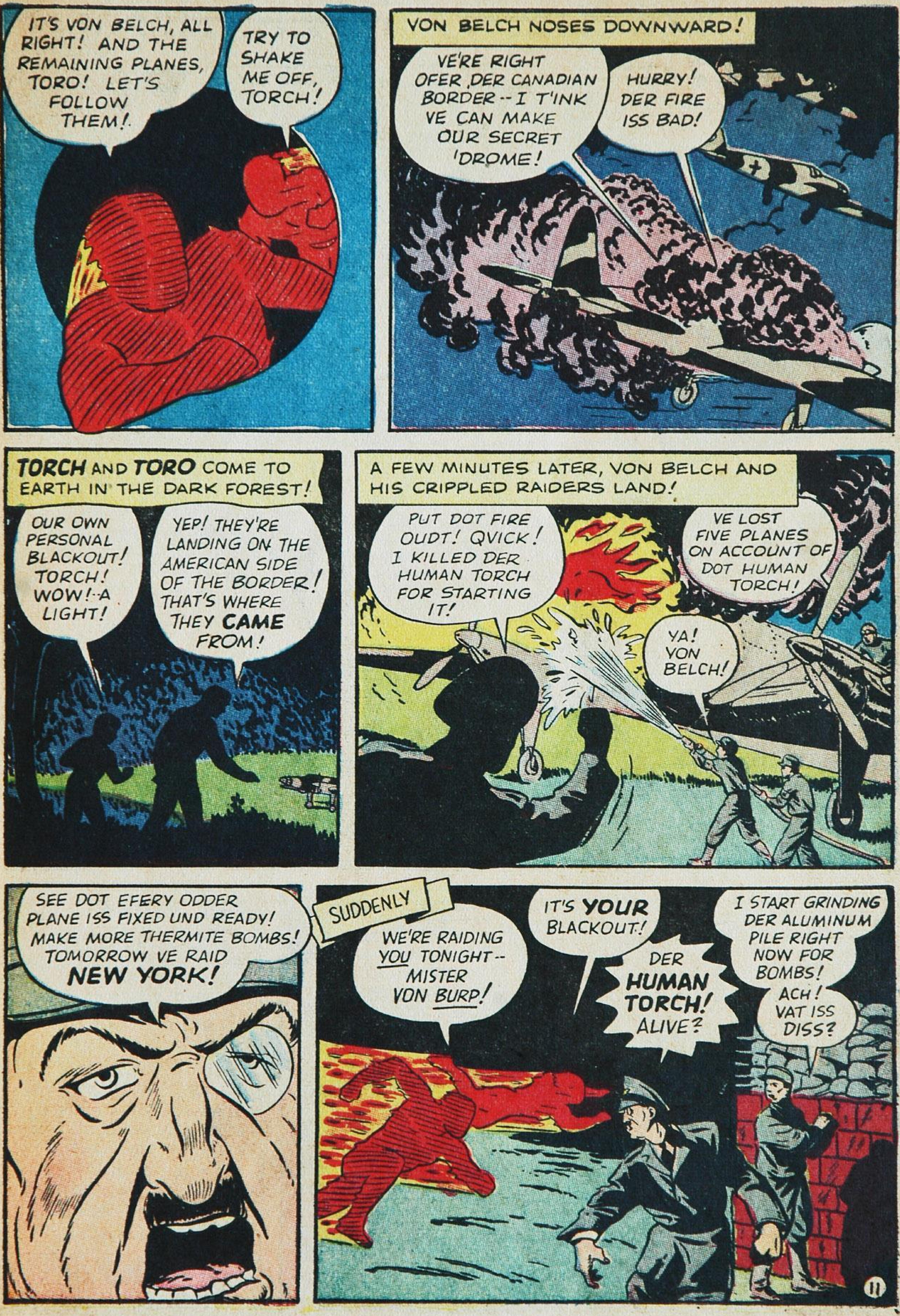

AS THE PIERCING WAIL OF THE AIR WARNING SIREN IS HEARD, OUR TWO WARDENS GO INTO ACTION!
QUICK! TO THE AIR RAID SHELTER, ALL OF YOU!
I'LL GO AND CLEAR THE STREETS, TORO!
WOW! THIS IS A REAL AIR RAID! --AND TORCH KNOWS HIS STUFF!
I CAN HEAR THE PLANES ALREADY! LET'S DUCK WITH TORO!
IT MUST BE THE SAME PLANES THAT ATTACKED THE TRAIN! THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY!!!
SURE ENOUGH, VON BELCH AND HIS MYSTERY PLANES HAVE RETURNED!
THROW DOWN THESE LEAFLETS AHEAD OF THE BOMBS, SO THE STUPID PEOPLE WILL KNOW THAT. I, VON BELCH, AM THE ONE WHO IS DESTROYING THEM!
YA! HERR VON BELCH!
VE BOMB DER CITY FROM END TO END! NOBODY VILL EFFER FIND OUDT VERE VE COME FROM! HA! NOW!
THE CANADIAN CITY IS MERCILESSLY BOMBED IN THE SURPRISE ATTACK! --CAUGHT WITHOUT DEFENSE!
WHERE ARE THE FAMOUS R.A.F. PLANES?... ONCE MORE OVER THE TARGET!
HA-HA! VOT SPORT!

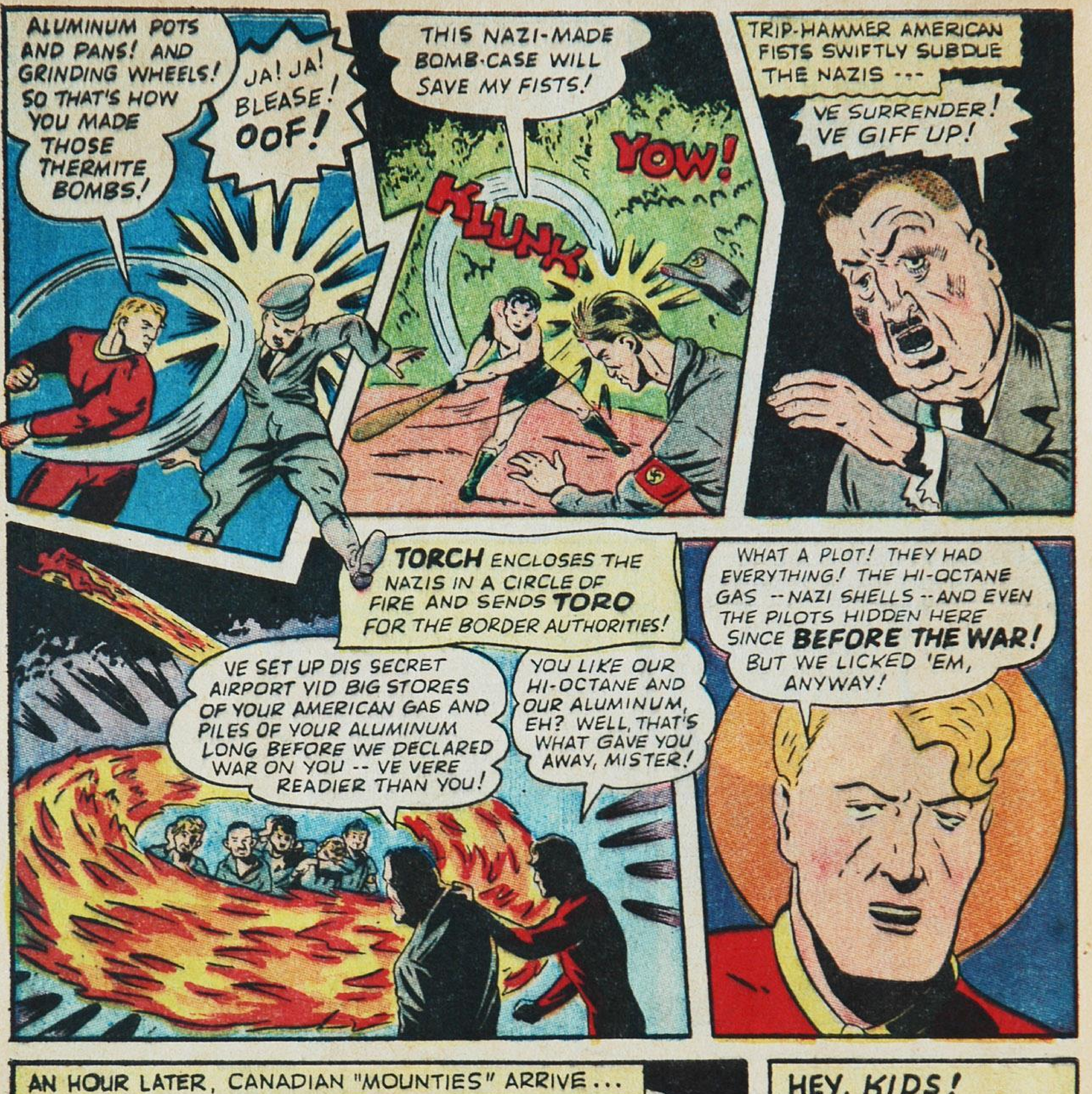

THOSE BOMBS BURST THAT WATER MAIN, TORCH!
WE'LL FIX IT FAST, TORO! --SO THE FIREMEN CAN HAVE WATER PRESSURE!
LIKE TWO FIERY COMETS, TORCH AND TORO RUSH INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO OF THE STRICKEN CITY ---
MY HOT FLAME WILL WELD IT! THERE!
RUSHING HERE AND THERE, THEY PERFORM MIRACLES OF ASSISTANCE -----
TAKE THE CHIMNEY AWAY BEFORE IT TOPPLES, TORCH! THAT'LL AVOID LATER LOSS OF LIFE!
HURRY! I SMELL GAS!
A FLAMING GAS MAIN IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
FIZZING FIRE-BALLS! --JUST IN TIME!
TORCH SUBDUES THE FIRE!
BOOM!
THEY'RE STILL BOMBING THE CITY AND KILLING PEOPLE! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
WELL... YA CAN'T GO UP THERE AND FIGHT 'EM, HOT SHOT!
BOOM!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I CAN DO! --AND I'M GONNA DO! YOU STAY HERE, TORO!
OKAY, TORCH! IF YOU SAY SO! BUT YOU'LL BE LONESOME!

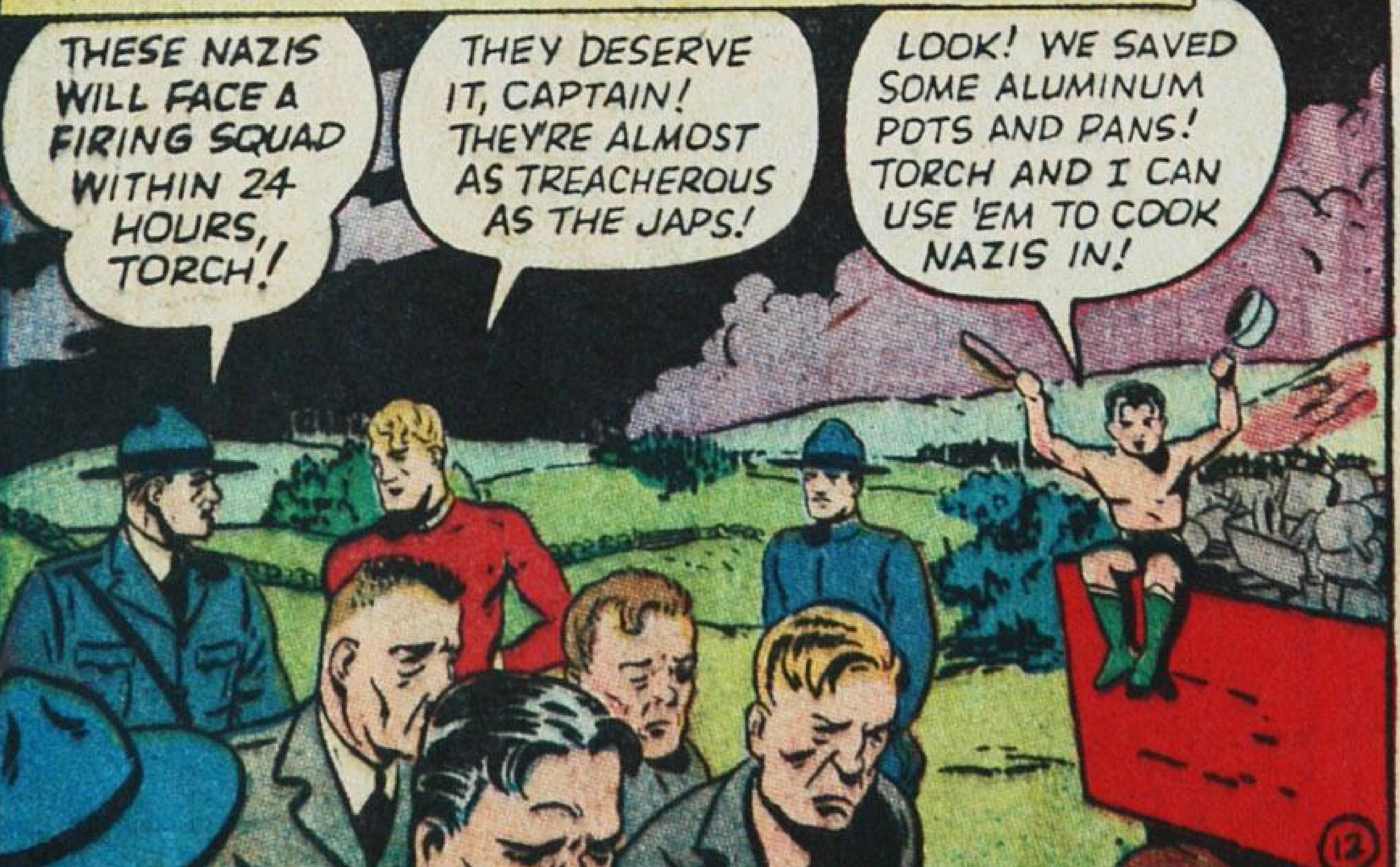

LEAVING TORO ON DUTY IN THE CITY BELOW-- TORCH STREAKS TOWARD THE MYSTERY PLANES!
DIS ATTACK VAS A CINCH! --NOBODY STOPPED US AT ALL!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IF I HAVE TO TEAR THESE PLANES APART!
SUDDENLY, VON BELCH SEES ---
ACH, DER HUMAN TORCH! I DIDN'T KNOW HE VAS IN DOT CITY! I DON'T LIKE HIM!
WITH BARREL-ROLLS, IMMELMANS, OUTSIDE LOOPS, EVERYTHING IN THE FLYER'S BAG OF TRICKS, TORCH CONFUSES THE ENEMY PLANES!
NOW I'VE GOT THESE SNAKES ON THE RUN!
FROM BELOW, TORO AND OTHERS ANXIOUSLY WATCH THE AMAZING BATTLE!
G-GOSH! ONE MAN AGAINST A SQUADRON!
HOPE TORCH IS OKAY!
SAY! YOU FOLKS BETTER GET BACK INTO THAT AIR RAID SHELTER!
UNBELIEVABLE AND UNBEATABLE!
LOOK! HE GOT ANOTHER ONE!
DER TORCH ISS WRECKING MY PLANES! NOW I VILL WRECK HIM! LET ME AT DER GUN... I DON'T LIKE HIM!


VON BELCH POINTS HIS PLANE DIRECTLY AT THE HUMAN TORCH! -- ALL GUNS FIRING! --
DIS VILL BE HIS END! OR MINE!
I DIE FOR DER VATERLAND!
ROMPIN' RADIATORS! HE'S MAKIN' A DIVE AT ME!
TORO SEES THE NAZI'S DESPERATE MANEUVER.
W-WOW! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK! ---OH! TORCH!
THE IMPACT STUNS TORCH BEFORE HE CAN DAMAGE THE PLANE WITH HIS FLAME!
UH!
OUCH!
WHAM
THE TORCH, SEEMINGLY HURT, DROPS AS VON BELCH FLEES!
OH!
VON BELCH MANAGES TO CONTROL HIS PLANE, BUT TORCH'S FLAME HAS SET IT AFIRE!
QUICK! GIFF ME DER FIRE-EXTINGUISHER!
TORO IS AGHAST AS HE WATCHES TORCH PLUMMET TO EARTH!
GOSH! HE'S A GONER!
TORO, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING FROM THE GROUND, FLAMES UP AND GRABS TORCH -- JUST IN TIME!
FLICKERIN' FIRE BALLS! TORCH! TORCH! SPEAK TO ME!
9

PURELY ON A HUNCH, TORO THINKS UP A NEW ONE, AS TORCH SLOWLY REGAINS HIS SENSES ON THE GROUND...
THE HEAT FROM THIS OUGHTTA REVIVE HIM! GOOD! HE'S---
SONS O' FIRE! WHAT HIT ME? OH -- THE PLANES! OKAY, TORO, TURN OFF THE HEAT!
THEY DASH OVER TO A CRASHED PLANE, NEARBY...
I'M GONNA TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PLANE, TORO!
CREEPIN' CAMPFIRES! HERE'S ONE OF THOSE LEAFLETS THEY DROPPED!
...AS TORO READS THE LEAFLET...
REGARDS FROM THE CANADIAN FUEHRER! I VILL COME AGAIN! Von Belch!
TORCH INVESTIGATES THE GAS TANK OF THE WRECK!
HMM! IT'S HI-OCTANE GAS, WHICH IS MADE IN AMERICA! FLAME UP, KID! WE'RE GOING PLACES!
SO VON BELCH'S PLANE CAME SO FAST YOU COULDN'T DUCK BEFORE HE CRASHED INTO YOU, HEY, TORCH?
RIGHT! I LEFT A NICE FIRE THERE, TOO!
A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY...
IF WE FIND VON BELCH'S FIRE, WE'LL FIND VON BELCH! AND IF WE FIND HIM, WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THOSE MYSTERY PLANES COME FROM!
WOWEE! TORCH! THERE'S A FIRE IN THE SKY! CAN IT BE ---?
Meanwhile...
ACH! DOT HUMAN TORCH! I CAN'T PUT DER FIRE OUDT!
10


IT'S VON BELCH, ALL RIGHT! AND THE REMAINING PLANES, TORO! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!
TRY TO SHAKE ME OFF, TORCH!
VON BELCH NOSES DOWNWARD!
VE'RE RIGHT OFER DER CANADIAN BORDER -- I T'INK VE CAN MAKE OUR SECRET 'DROME!
HURRY! DER FIRE ISS BAD!
TORCH AND TORO COME TO EARTH IN THE DARK FOREST!
OUR OWN PERSONAL BLACKOUT! TORCH! WOW! - A LIGHT!
YEP! THEY'RE LANDING ON THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE BORDER! THAT'S WHERE THEY CAME FROM!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, VON BELCH AND HIS CRIPPLED RAIDERS LAND!
PUT DOT FIRE OUDT! QVICK! I KILLED DER HUMAN TORCH FOR STARTING IT!
VE LOST FIVE PLANES ON ACCOUNT OF DOT HUMAN TORCH!
YA! VON BELCH!
SEE DOT EFERY ODDER PLANE ISS FIXED UND READY! MAKE MORE THERMITE BOMBS! TOMORROW VE RAID NEW YORK!
SUDDENLY
WE'RE RAIDING YOU TONIGHT -- MISTER VON BURP!
IT'S YOUR BLACKOUT!
DER HUMAN TORCH! ALIVE?
I START GRINDING DER ALUMINUM PILE RIGHT NOW FOR BOMBS! ACH! VAT ISS DISS?


ALUMINUM POTS AND PANS! AND GRINDING WHEELS! SO THAT'S HOW YOU MADE THOSE THERMITE BOMBS!
JA! JA! BLEASE! OOF!
THIS NAZI-MADE BOMB-CASE WILL SAVE MY FISTS!
YOW!
KLUNK
TRIP-HAMMER AMERICAN FISTS SWIFTLY SUBDUE THE NAZIS ---
VE SURRENDER! VE GIFF UP!
TORCH ENCLOSES THE NAZIS IN A CIRCLE OF FIRE AND SENDS TORO FOR THE BORDER AUTHORITIES!
VE SET UP DIS SECRET AIRPORT VID BIG STORES OF YOUR AMERICAN GAS AND PILES OF YOUR ALUMINUM LONG BEFORE WE DECLARED WAR ON YOU -- VE VERE READIER THAN YOU!
YOU LIKE OUR HI-OCTANE AND OUR ALUMINUM, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT GAVE YOU AWAY, MISTER!
WHAT A PLOT! THEY HAD EVERYTHING! THE HI-OCTANE GAS -- NAZI SHELLS -- AND EVEN THE PILOTS HIDDEN HERE SINCE BEFORE THE WAR! BUT WE LICKED 'EM, ANYWAY!


AN HOUR LATER, CANADIAN "MOUNTIES" ARRIVE ...
THESE NAZIS WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD WITHIN 24 HOURS, TORCH!
THEY DESERVE IT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE ALMOST AS TREACHEROUS AS THE JAPS!
LOOK! WE SAVED SOME ALUMINUM POTS AND PANS! TORCH AND I CAN USE 'EM TO COOK NAZIS IN!

HEY, KIDS!

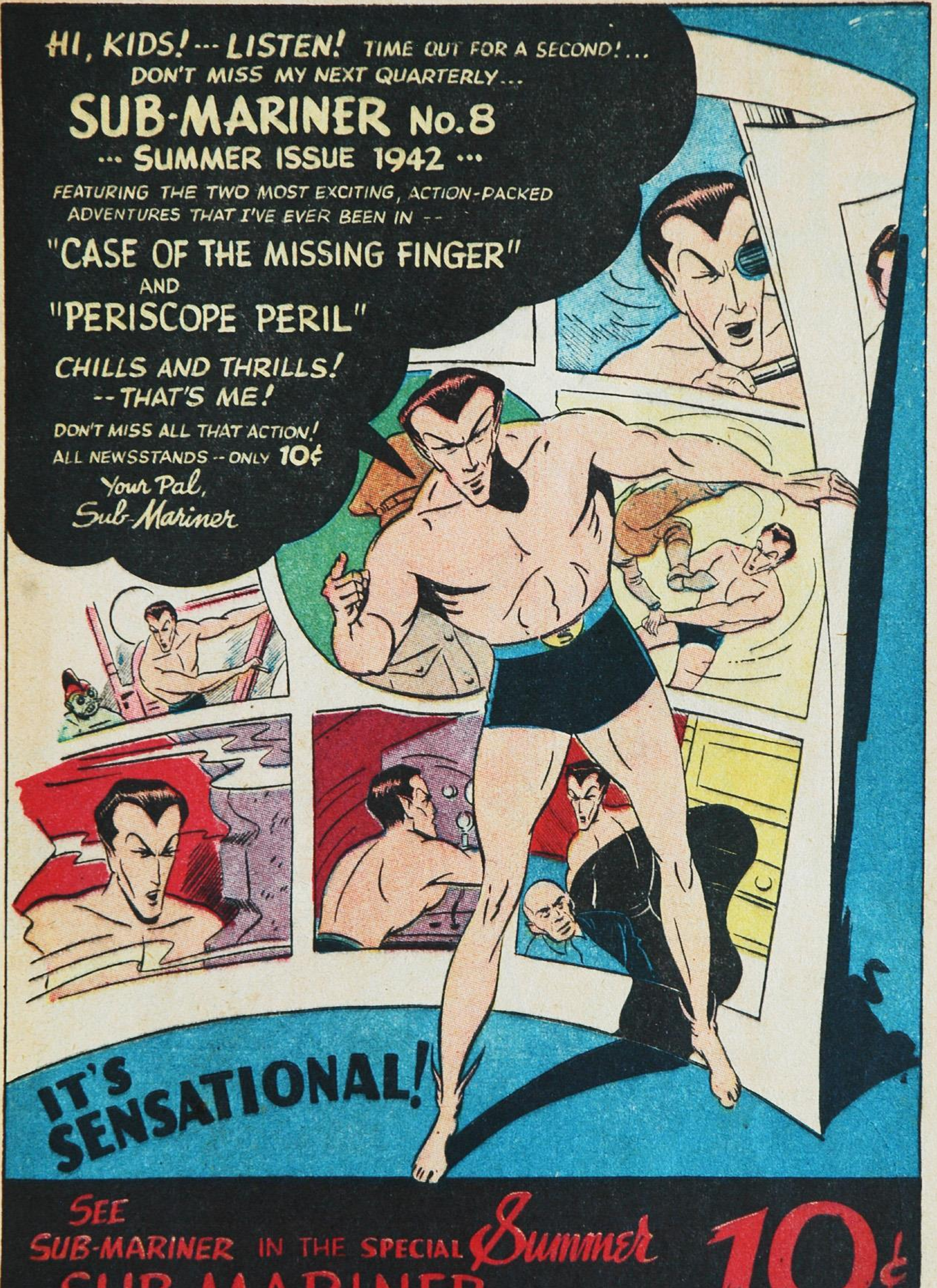
IS YOUR FATHER OR MOTHER AN AIR RAID WARDEN? THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS YOU CAN DO TO HELP THEM CARRY ON...

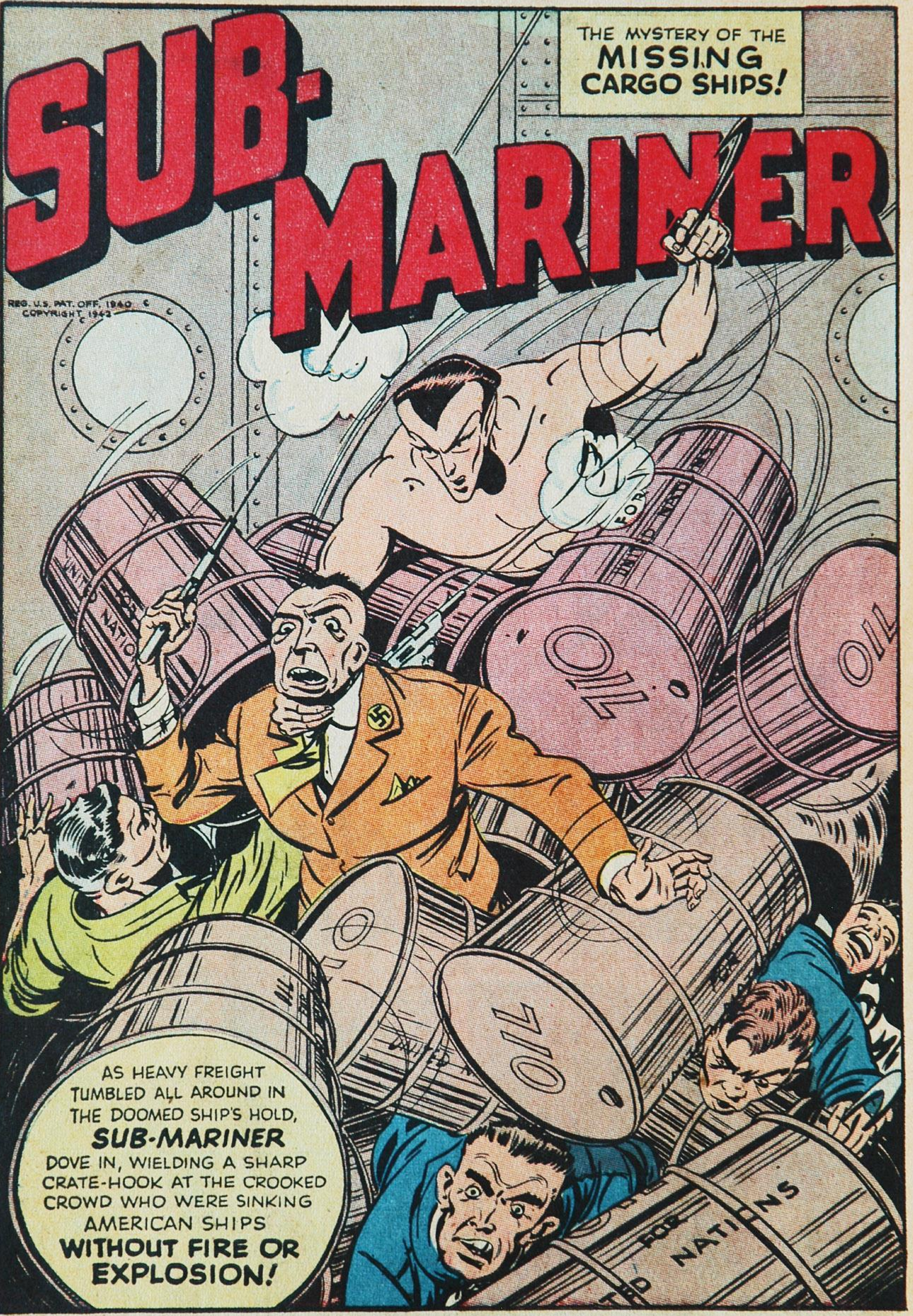
AND YOU, TOO, CAN BECOME A PART OF THE AIR RAID SERVICE!

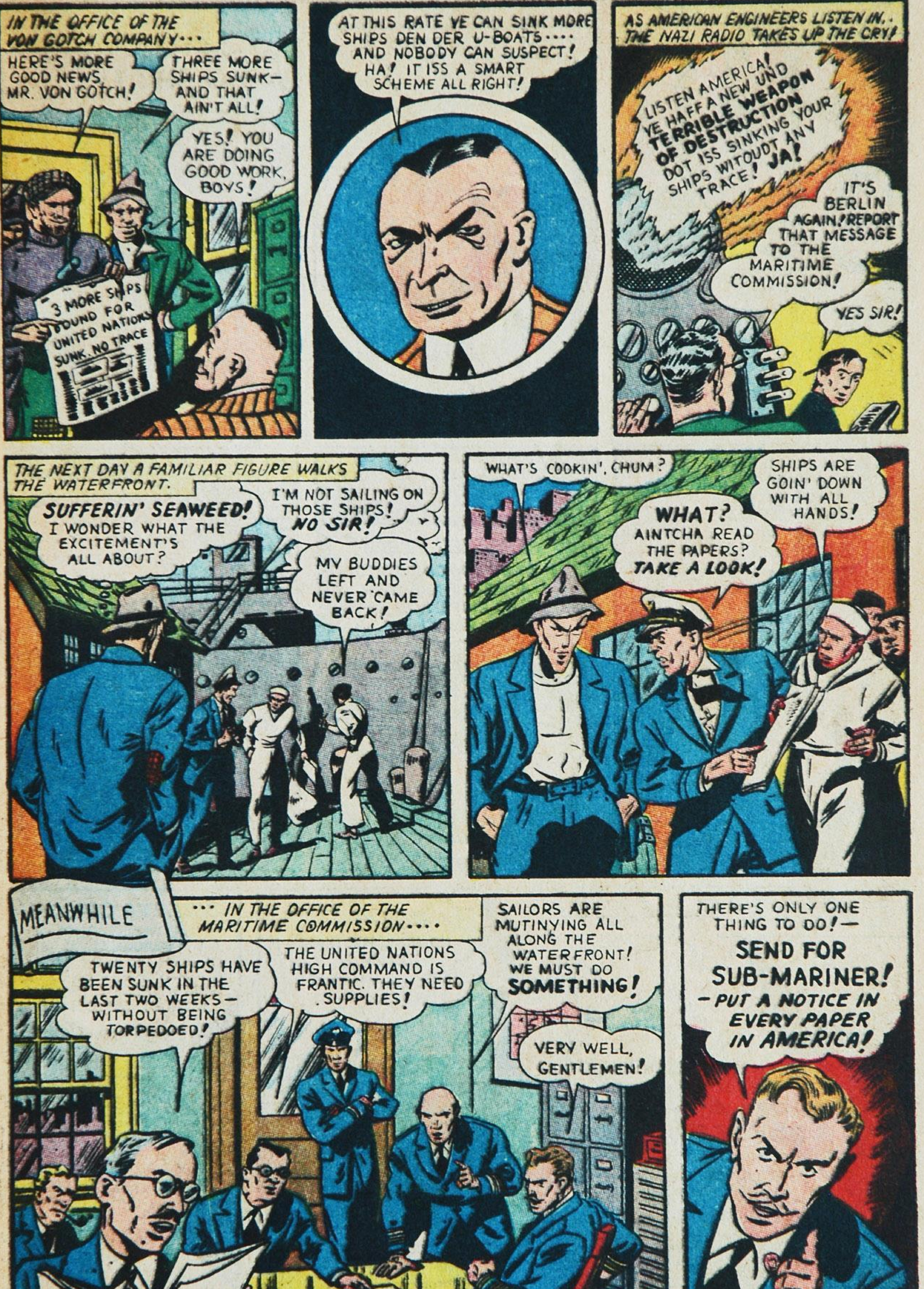
ASK YOUR NEAREST AIR RAID POST WARDEN ABOUT SPECIAL JOBS BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO IN AIR RAID WORK...

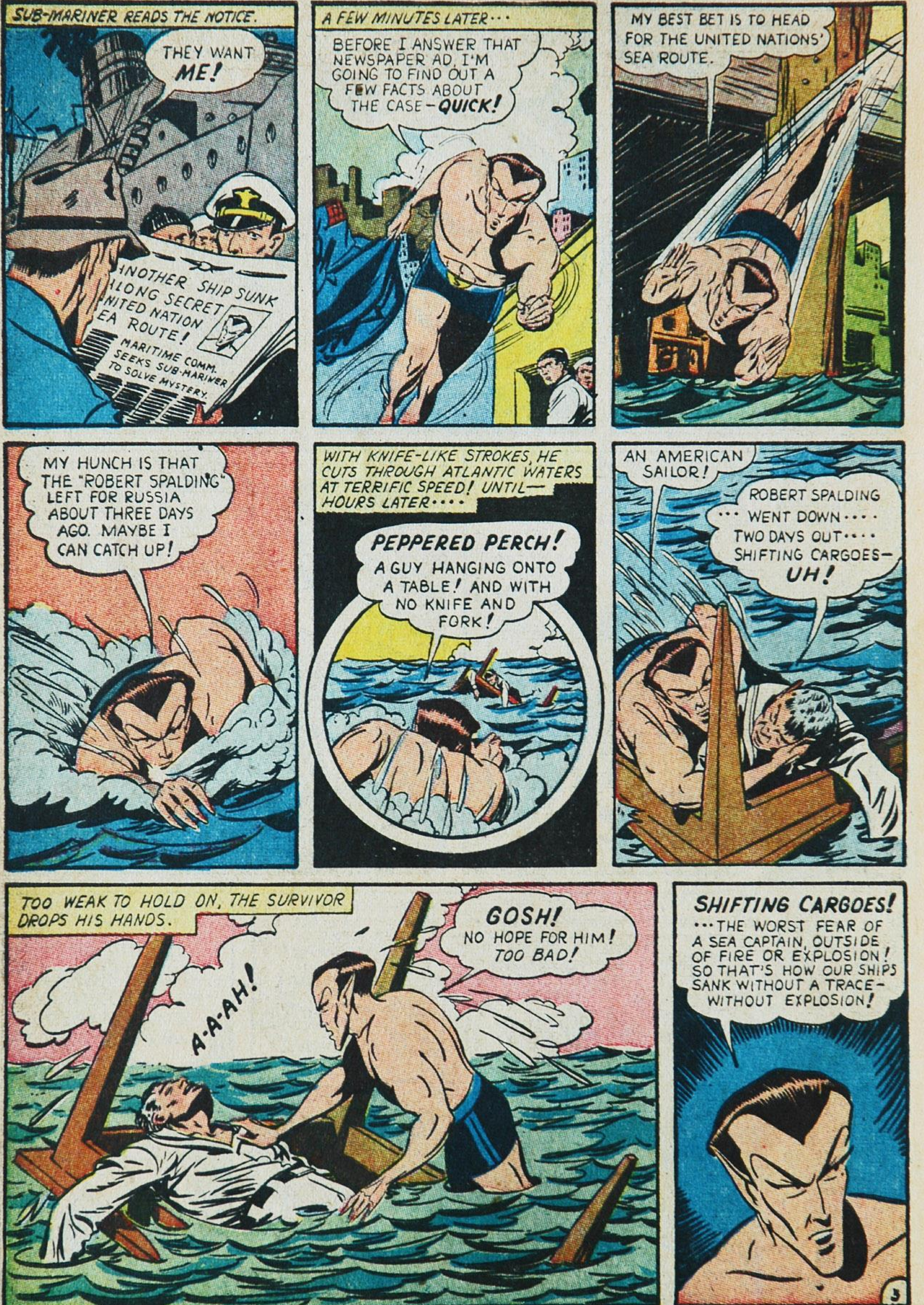
GET YOUR ARM BANDS... DO YOUR DUTY! AMERICA IS CALLING ALL OF US!

Signed..
The HUMAN TORCH!

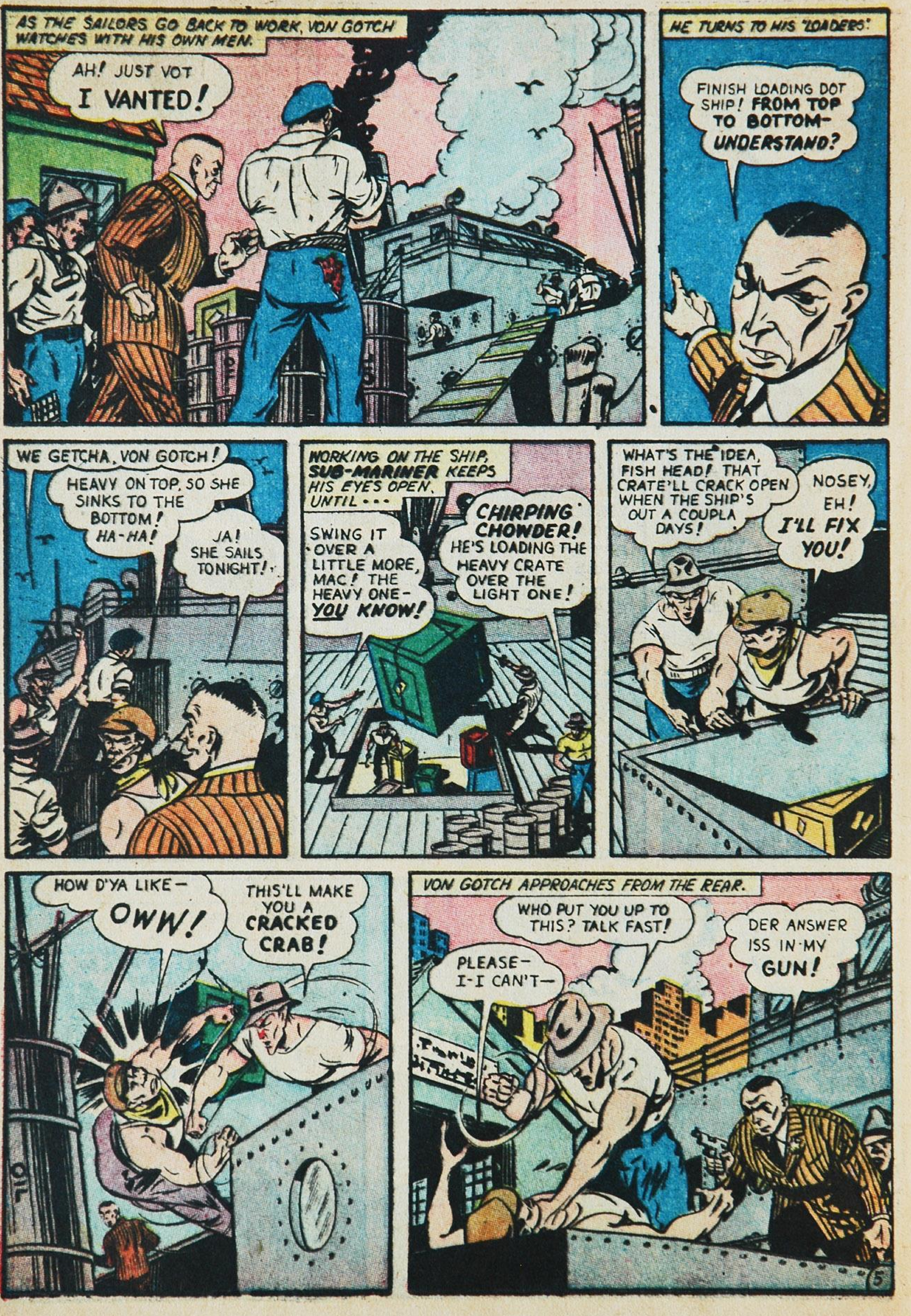

HI, KIDS! --- LISTEN! TIME OUT FOR A SECOND! ... DON'T MISS MY NEXT QUARTERLY ... SUB-MARINER No. 8 ... SUMMER ISSUE 1942 ... FEATURING THE TWO MOST EXCITING, ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES THAT I'VE EVER BEEN IN -- "CASE OF THE MISSING FINGER" AND "PERISCOPE PERIL" CHILLS AND THRILLS! -- THAT'S ME! DON'T MISS ALL THAT ACTION! ALL NEWSSTANDS -- ONLY 10¢ Your Pal, Sub-Mariner
IT'S SENSATIONAL!
SEE SUB-MARINER IN THE SPECIAL Summer SUB-MARINER MAGAZINE
10¢

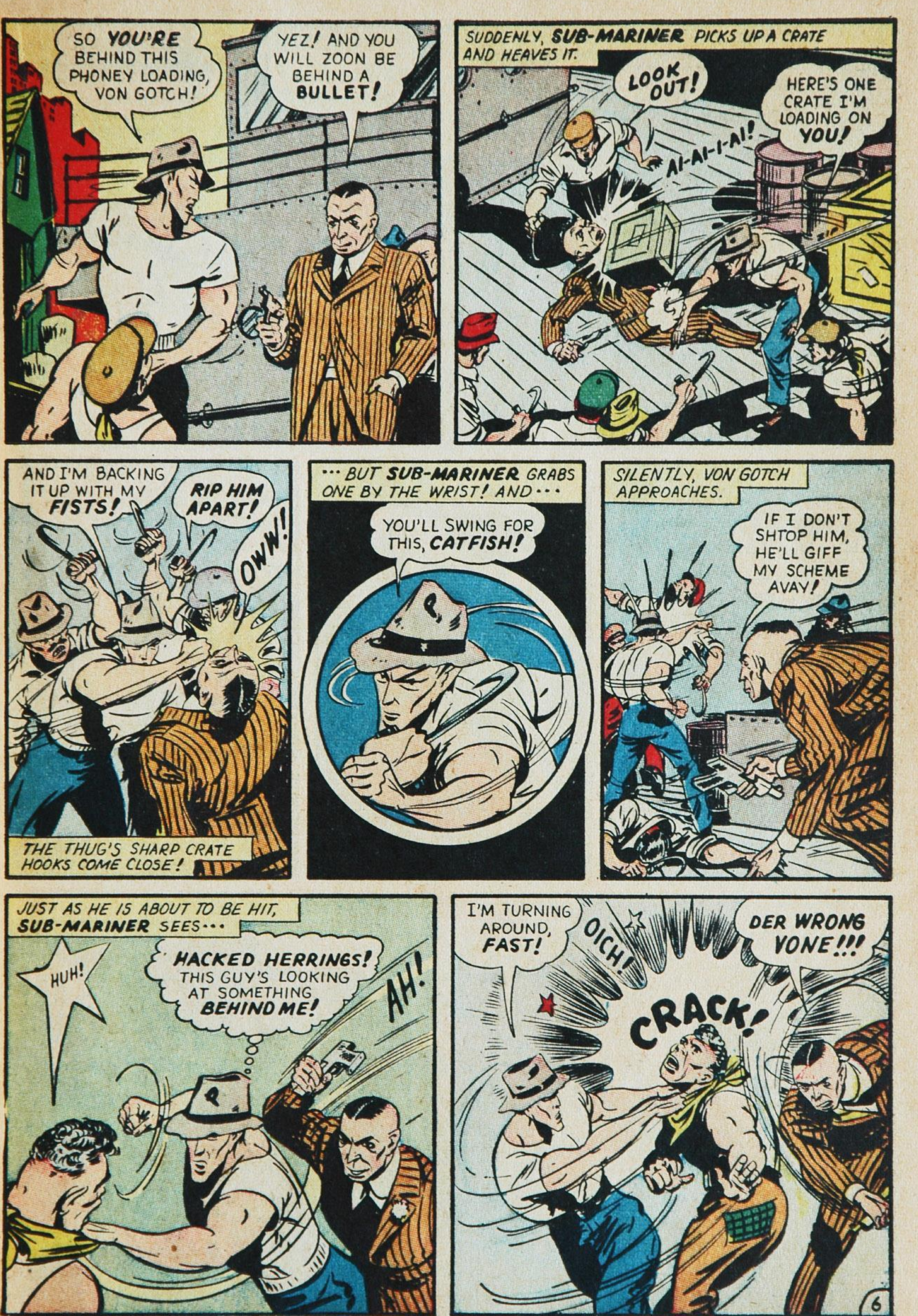

SUB-MARINER
THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CARGO SHIPS!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT 1942
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
FOR UNITED NATIONS
AS HEAVY FREIGHT TUMBLED ALL AROUND IN THE DOOMED SHIP'S HOLD, SUB-MARINER DOVE IN, WIELDING A SHARP CRATE-HOOK AT THE CROOKED CROWD WHO WERE SINKING AMERICAN SHIPS WITHOUT FIRE OR EXPLOSION!

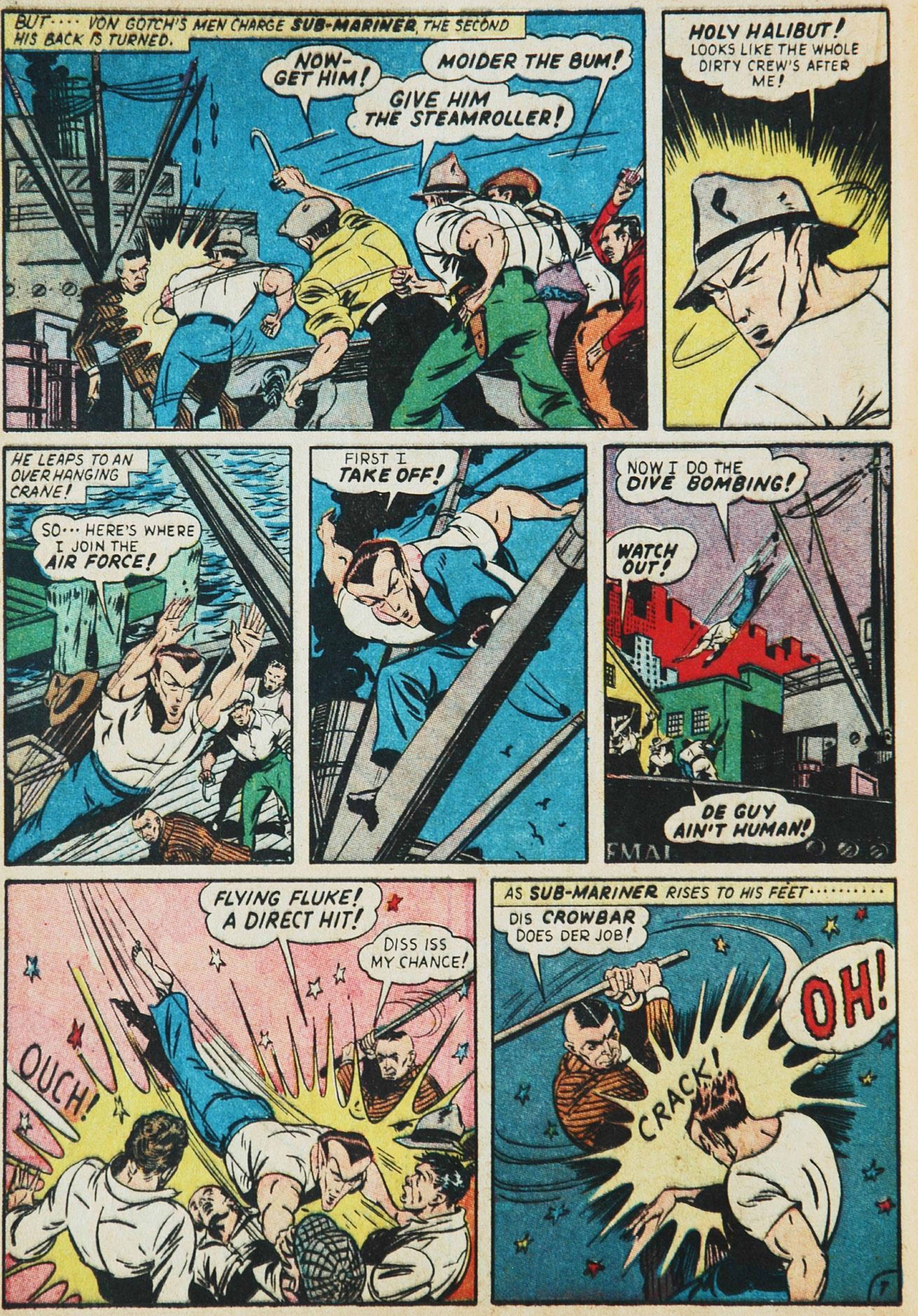

IN THE OFFICE OF THE VON GOTCH COMPANY...
HERE'S MORE GOOD NEWS, MR. VON GOTCH!
THREE MORE SHIPS SUNK- AND THAT AIN'T ALL!
YES! YOU ARE DOING GOOD WORK, BOYS!
3 MORE SHIPS BOUND FOR UNITED NATIONS SUNK, NO TRACE
AT THIS RATE VE CAN SINK MORE SHIPS DEN DER U-BOATS.... AND NOBODY CAN SUSPECT! HA! IT ISS A SMART SCHEME ALL RIGHT!
AS AMERICAN ENGINEERS LISTEN IN.. THE NAZI RADIO TAKES UP THE CRY!
LISTEN AMERICA! VE HAFF A NEW UND TERRIBLE WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION DOT ISS SINKING YOUR SHIPS WITOUDT ANY TRACE! JA!
IT'S BERLIN AGAIN! REPORT THAT MESSAGE TO THE MARITIME COMMISSION!
YES SIR!
THE NEXT DAY A FAMILIAR FIGURE WALKS THE WATERFRONT.
SUFFERIN' SEAWEED! I WONDER WHAT THE EXCITEMENT'S ALL ABOUT?
I'M NOT SAILING ON THOSE SHIPS! NO SIR!
MY BUDDIES LEFT AND NEVER CAME BACK!
WHAT'S COOKIN', CHUM?
SHIPS ARE GOIN' DOWN WITH ALL HANDS!
WHAT? AINTCHA READ THE PAPERS? TAKE A LOOK!
MEANWHILE
... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARITIME COMMISSION....
TWENTY SHIPS HAVE BEEN SUNK IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS- WITHOUT BEING TORPEDOED!
THE UNITED NATIONS HIGH COMMAND IS FRANTIC. THEY NEED SUPPLIES!
SAILORS ARE MUTINYING ALL ALONG THE WATERFRONT! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!- SEND FOR SUB-MARINER! -PUT A NOTICE IN EVERY PAPER IN AMERICA!

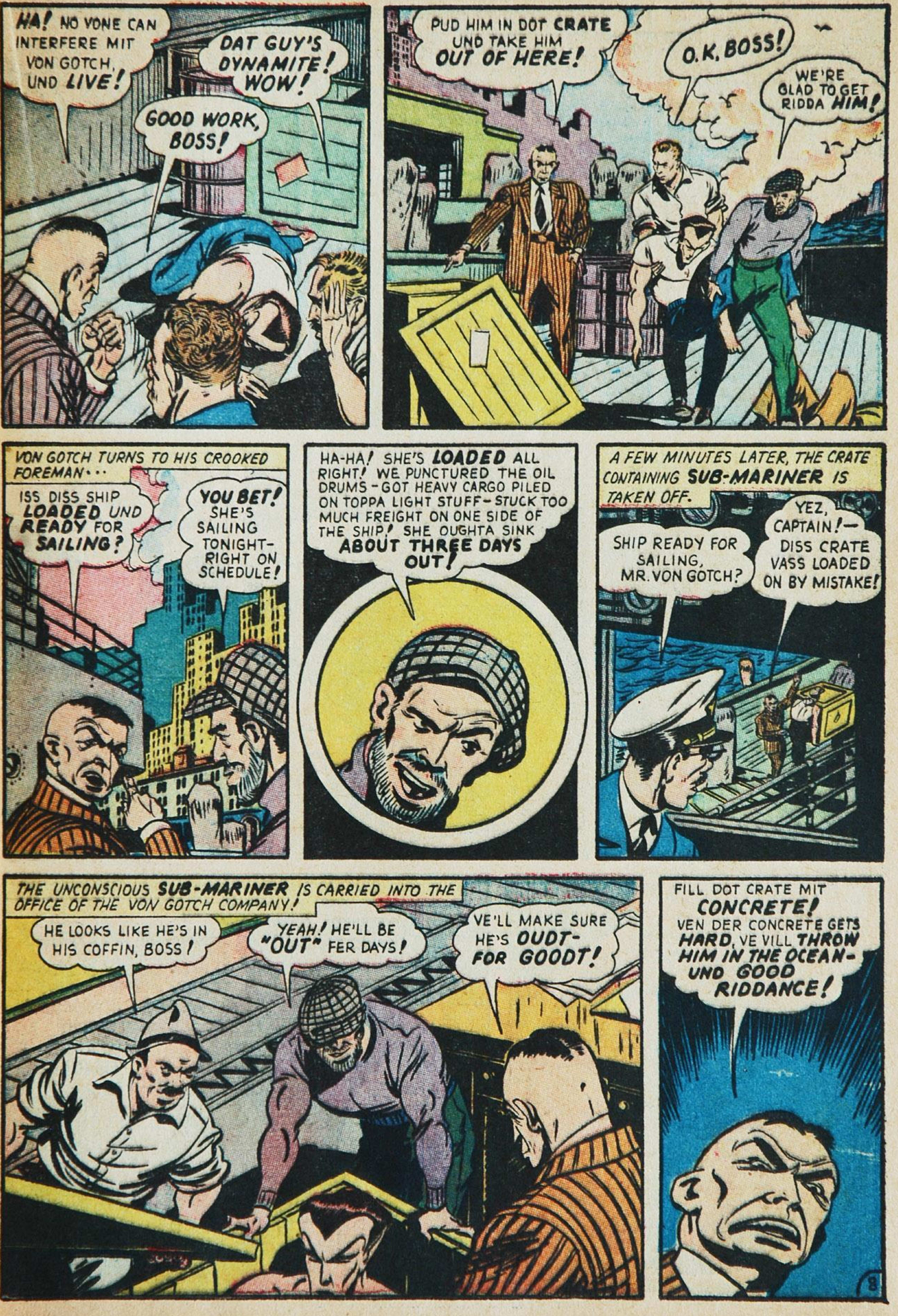

SUB-MARINER READS THE NOTICE.
THEY WANT ME!
NOTHER SHIP SUNK
LONG SECRET
NITED NATION
EA ROUTE!
MARITIME COMM. SEEKS SUB-MARINER TO SOLVE MYSTERY.
A FEW MINUTES LATER···
BEFORE I ANSWER THAT NEWSPAPER AD, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE CASE—QUICK!
MY BEST BET IS TO HEAD FOR THE UNITED NATIONS' SEA ROUTE.
MY HUNCH IS THAT THE "ROBERT SPALDING" LEFT FOR RUSSIA ABOUT THREE DAYS AGO. MAYBE I CAN CATCH UP!
WITH KNIFE-LIKE STROKES, HE CUTS THROUGH ATLANTIC WATERS AT TERRIFIC SPEED! UNTIL—HOURS LATER····
PEPPERED PERCH! A GUY HANGING ONTO A TABLE! AND WITH NO KNIFE AND FORK!
AN AMERICAN SAILOR!
ROBERT SPALDING ··· WENT DOWN···· TWO DAYS OUT···· SHIFTING CARGOES—UH!
TOO WEAK TO HOLD ON, THE SURVIVOR DROPS HIS HANDS.
A-A-AH!
GOSH! NO HOPE FOR HIM! TOO BAD!
SHIFTING CARGOES! ···THE WORST FEAR OF A SEA CAPTAIN, OUTSIDE OF FIRE OR EXPLOSION! SO THAT'S HOW OUR SHIPS SANK WITHOUT A TRACE—WITHOUT EXPLOSION!
3

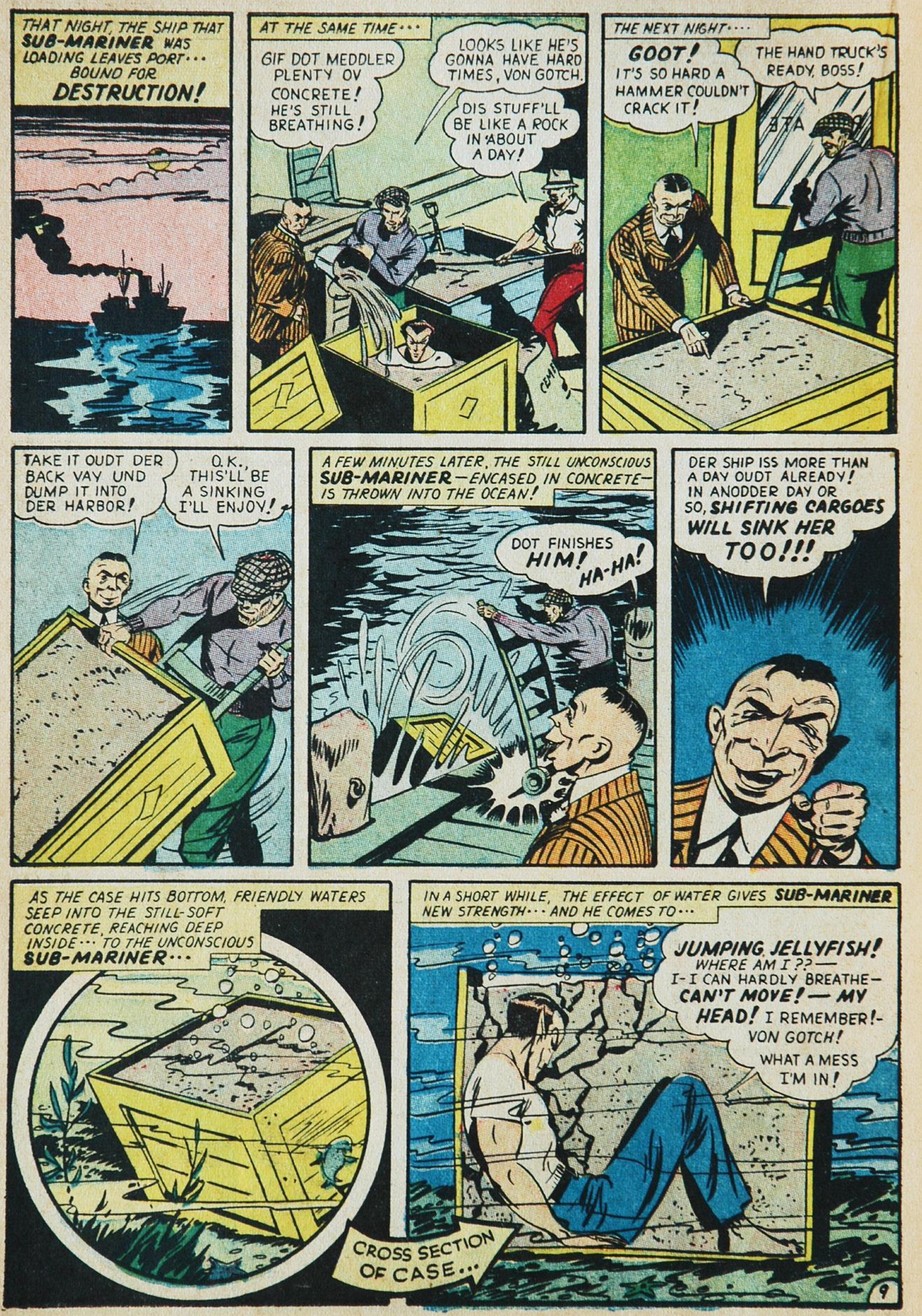
ARRIVING BACK IN NEW YORK, HE DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE.
SHIFTING CARGOES HAPPENS ONLY BECAUSE A SHIP'S NOT LOADED PROPERLY! NOW INTO "WORKING CLOTHES".
UNITED STEAMSH
THE BOYS TOLD ME THIS IS THE COMPANY THAT LOADS ALL THE SHIPS IN THIS HARBOR.
VON GOTCH
INSIDE... SUB-MARINER GETS A JOB.
WELL, YOU LOOG STRONG ENOUGH!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A LONGSHOREMAN!
COME WIT ME, BUDDY!
VON GOTCH! WHAT A FACE!!! WHERE IN THE WORLD DID I SEE THAT FACE BEFORE???
A SHORT TIME LATER, SUB-MARINER TRIES TO BOARD SHIP.
YER NOT LOADING THAT SHIP, SEE?
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY LUGS! — I'M GOIN' ON!
THOSE SHIPS AIN'T SAFE. STAY OFF!
THE MUTINOUS SAILORS CHARGE! BUT—
I SAID I'M GOING ON THAT SHIP!
OOF!
GRAB HIM!
GET OFF— IT'S DANGEROUS!
SUB-MARINER FIGHTS THROUGH!
THERE'S NO REASON TO BE AFRAID! THIS IS WAR—AND IF YOU'RE GOOD AMERICANS YOU'LL GO BACK TO WORK!
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

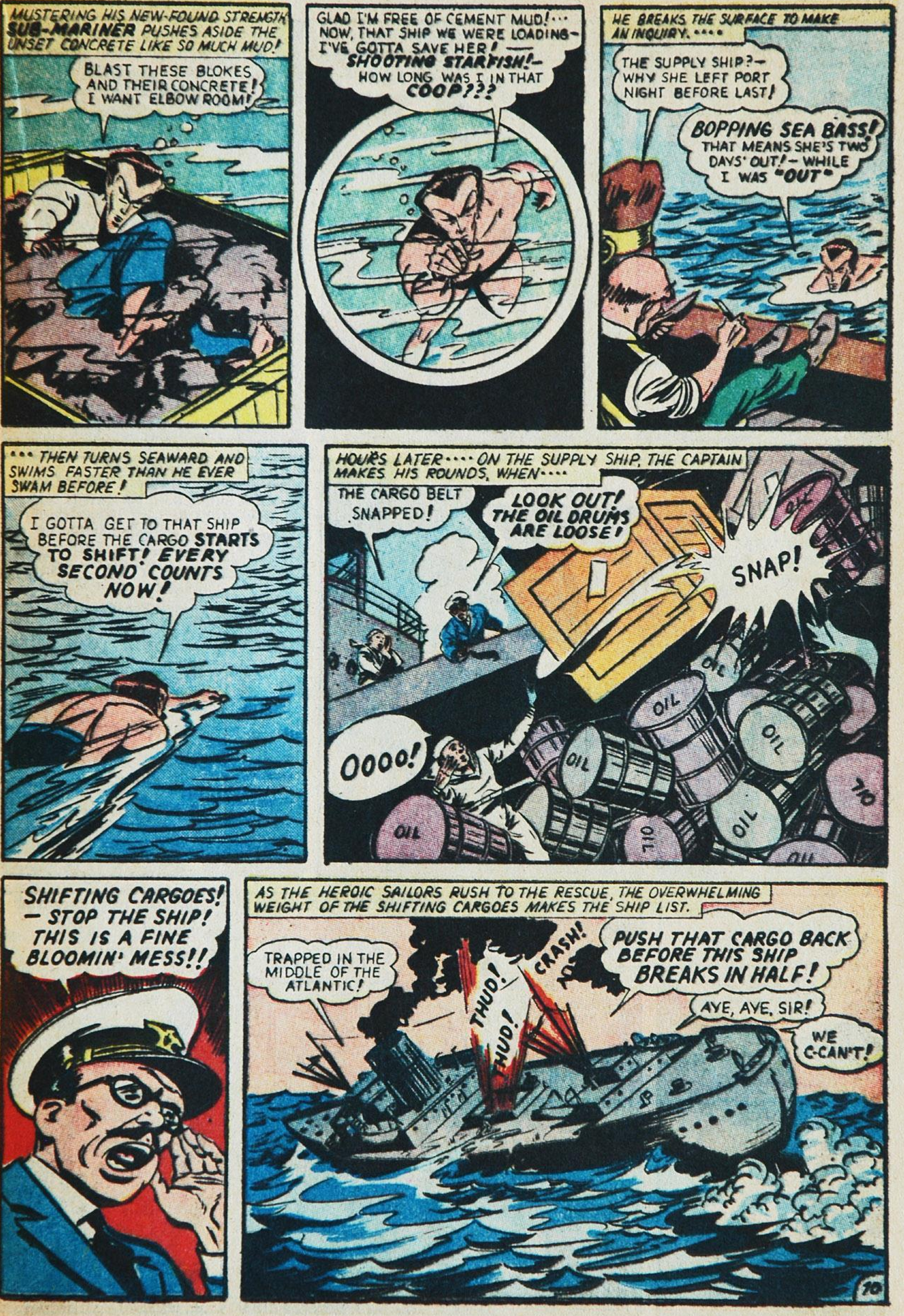

AS THE SAILORS GO BACK TO WORK, VON GOTCH WATCHES WITH HIS OWN MEN.
AH! JUST VOT I VANTED!
HE TURNS TO HIS "LOADERS".
FINISH LOADING DOT SHIP! FROM TOP TO BOTTOM— UNDERSTAND?
WE GETCHA, VON GOTCH!
HEAVY ON TOP, SO SHE SINKS TO THE BOTTOM! HA-HA!
JA! SHE SAILS TONIGHT!
WORKING ON THE SHIP, SUB-MARINER KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN, UNTIL...
SWING IT OVER A LITTLE MORE, MAC! THE HEAVY ONE— YOU KNOW!
CHIRPING CHOWDER! HE'S LOADING THE HEAVY CRATE OVER THE LIGHT ONE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, FISH HEAD! THAT CRATE'LL CRACK OPEN WHEN THE SHIP'S OUT A COUPLA DAYS!
NOSEY, EH! I'LL FIX YOU!
HOW D'YA LIKE— OWW!
THIS'LL MAKE YOU A CRACKED CRAB!
VON GOTCH APPROACHES FROM THE REAR.
WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? TALK FAST!
PLEASE— I-I CAN'T—
DER ANSWER ISS IN MY GUN!

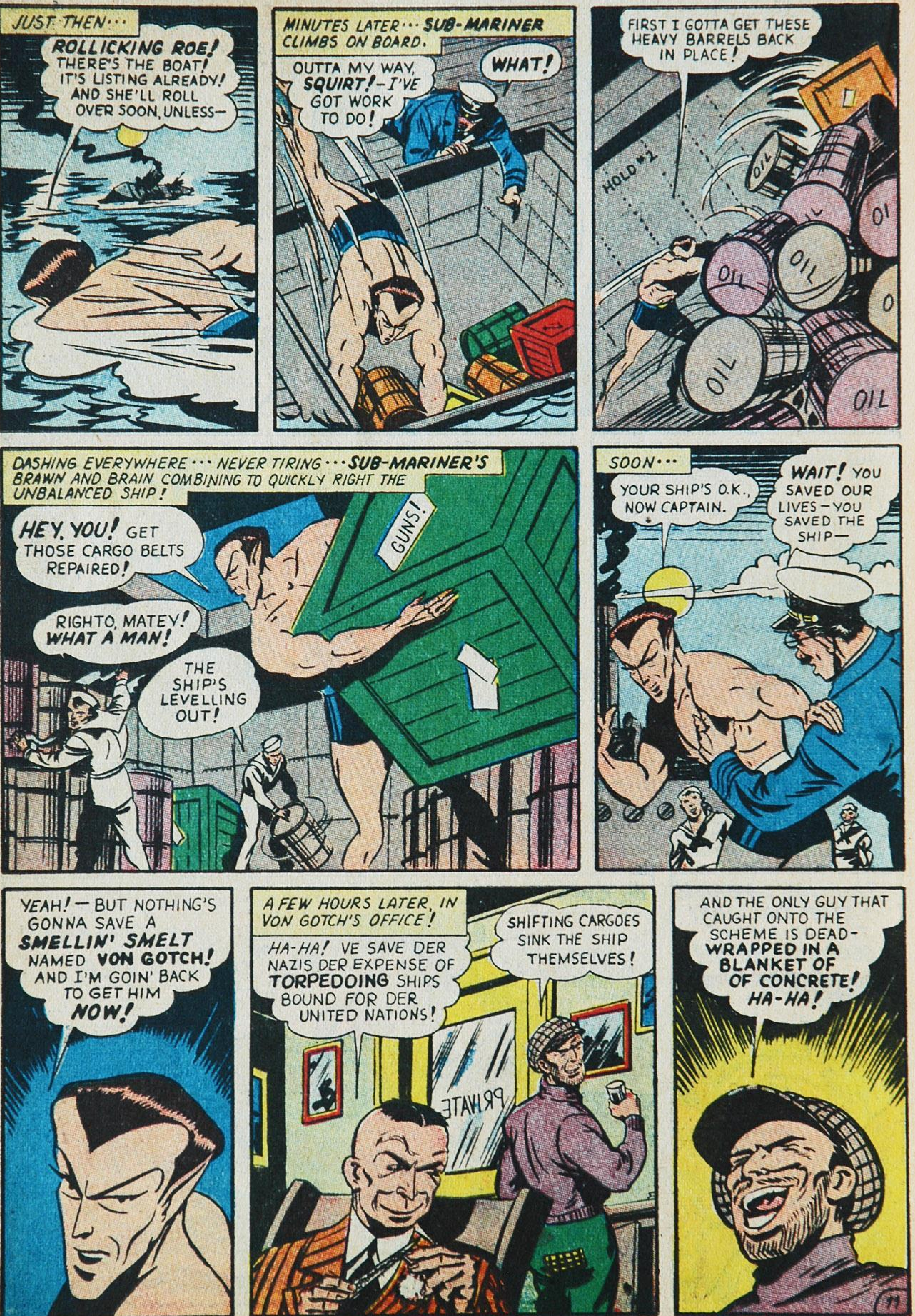

SO YOU'RE BEHIND THIS PHONEY LOADING, VON GOTCH!
YEZ! AND YOU WILL ZOON BE BEHIND A BULLET!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER PICKS UP A CRATE AND HEAVES IT.
LOOK OUT!
HERE'S ONE CRATE I'M LOADING ON YOU!
AI-AI-I-AI!
AND I'M BACKING IT UP WITH MY FISTS!
RIP HIM APART!
OWW!
THE THUG'S SHARP CRATE HOOKS COME CLOSE!
··· BUT SUB-MARINER GRABS ONE BY THE WRIST! AND ···
YOU'LL SWING FOR THIS, CATFISH!
SILENTLY, VON GOTCH APPROACHES.
IF I DON'T SHTOP HIM, HE'LL GIFF MY SCHEME AVAY!
JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO BE HIT, SUB-MARINER SEES···
HUH!
HACKED HERRINGS! THIS GUY'S LOOKING AT SOMETHING BEHIND ME!
AH!
I'M TURNING AROUND, FAST!
OICH!
DER WRONG VONE!!!
CRACK!

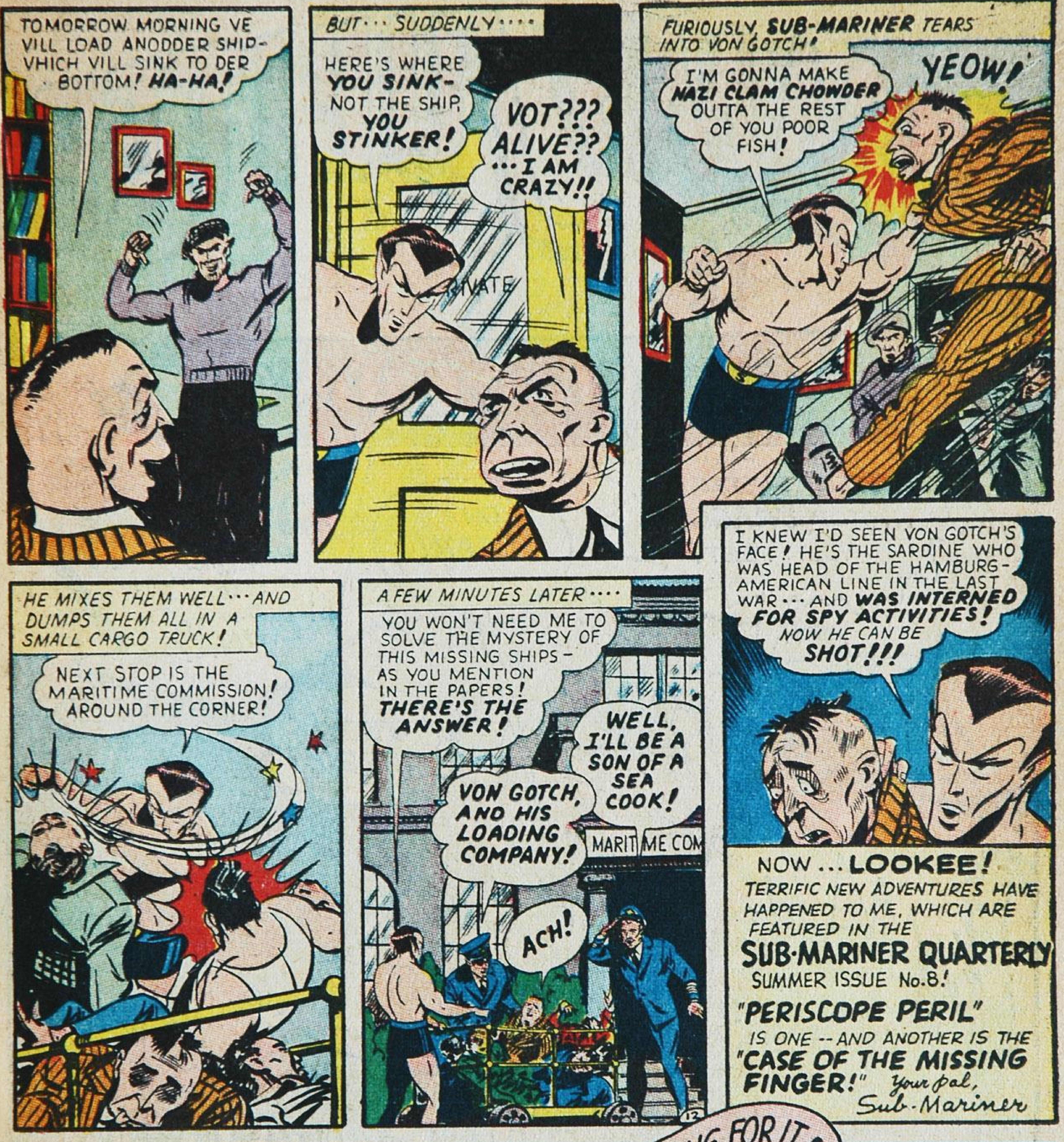

BUT···· VON GOTCH'S MEN CHARGE SUB-MARINER, THE SECOND HIS BACK IS TURNED.
NOW- GET HIM!
MOIDER THE BUM!
GIVE HIM THE STEAMROLLER!
HOLY HALIBUT! LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE DIRTY CREW'S AFTER ME!
HE LEAPS TO AN OVER HANGING CRANE!
SO··· HERE'S WHERE I JOIN THE AIR FORCE!
FIRST I TAKE OFF!
NOW I DO THE DIVE BOMBING!
WATCH OUT!
DE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!
FLYING FLUKE! A DIRECT HIT!
DISS ISS MY CHANCE!
OUCH!
AS SUB-MARINER RISES TO HIS FEET·········
DIS CROWBAR DOES DER JOB!
OH!
CRACK!

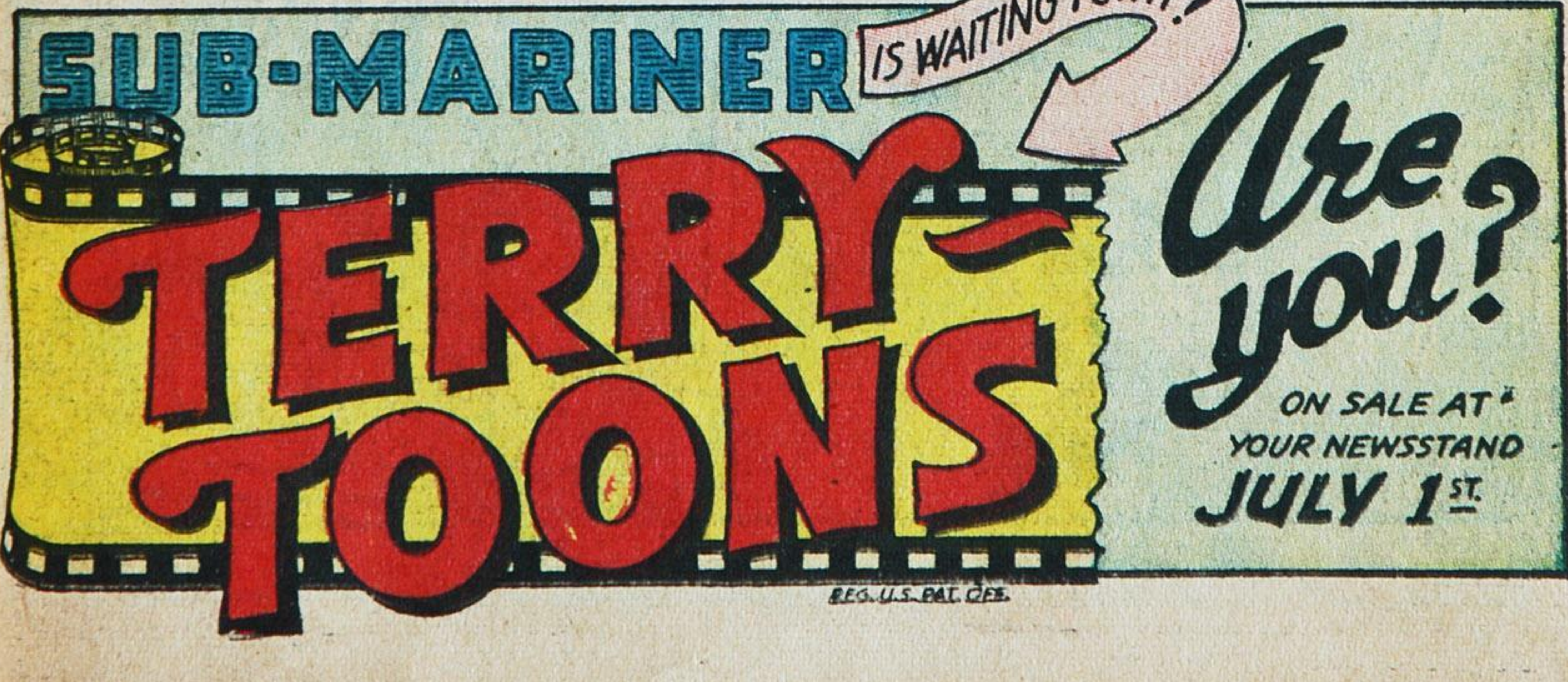

HA! NO VONE CAN INTERFERE MIT VON GOTCH, UND LIVE!
DAT GUY'S DYNAMITE! WOW!
GOOD WORK, BOSS!
PUD HIM IN DOT CRATE UND TAKE HIM OUT OF HERE!
O.K. BOSS!
WE'RE GLAD TO GET RIDDA HIM!
VON GOTCH TURNS TO HIS CROOKED FOREMAN...
ISS DISS SHIP LOADED UND READY FOR SAILING?
YOU BET! SHE'S SAILING TONIGHT- RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
HA-HA! SHE'S LOADED ALL RIGHT! WE PUNCTURED THE OIL DRUMS - GOT HEAVY CARGO PILED ON TOPPA LIGHT STUFF - STUCK TOO MUCH FREIGHT ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHIP! SHE OUGHTA SINK ABOUT THREE DAYS OUT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CRATE CONTAINING SUB-MARINER IS TAKEN OFF.
SHIP READY FOR SAILING, MR. VON GOTCH?
YEZ, CAPTAIN! - DISS CRATE VASS LOADED ON BY MISTAKE!
THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER IS CARRIED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE VON GOTCH COMPANY!
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN HIS COFFIN, BOSS!
YEAH! HE'LL BE "OUT" FER DAYS!
VE'LL MAKE SURE HE'S OUDT- FOR GOODT!
FILL DOT CRATE MIT CONCRETE! VEN DER CONCRETE GETS HARD, VE VILL THROW HIM IN THE OCEAN- UND GOOD RIDDANCE!


THAT NIGHT, THE SHIP THAT SUB-MARINER WAS LOADING LEAVES PORT··· BOUND FOR DESTRUCTION!
AT THE SAME TIME···
GIF DOT MEDDLER PLENTY OV CONCRETE! HE'S STILL BREATHING!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA HAVE HARD TIMES, VON GOTCH.
DIS STUFF'LL BE LIKE A ROCK IN 'ABOUT A DAY!
CEMENT
THE NEXT NIGHT····
GOOT! IT'S SO HARD A HAMMER COULDN'T CRACK IT!
THE HAND TRUCK'S READY, BOSS!
TAKE IT OUDT DER BACK VAY UND DUMP IT INTO DER HARBOR!
O.K., THIS'LL BE A SINKING I'LL ENJOY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER—ENCASED IN CONCRETE—IS THROWN INTO THE OCEAN!
DOT FINISHES HIM! HA-HA!
DER SHIP ISS MORE THAN A DAY OUDT ALREADY! IN ANODDER DAY OR SO, SHIFTING CARGOES WILL SINK HER TOO!!!
AS THE CASE HITS BOTTOM, FRIENDLY WATERS SEEP INTO THE STILL-SOFT CONCRETE, REACHING DEEP INSIDE··· TO THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER···
IN A SHORT WHILE, THE EFFECT OF WATER GIVES SUB-MARINER NEW STRENGTH··· AND HE COMES TO···
JUMPING JELLYFISH! WHERE AM I??— I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE— CAN'T MOVE!— MY HEAD! I REMEMBER!- VON GOTCH! WHAT A MESS I'M IN!
CROSS SECTION OF CASE···


MUSTERING HIS NEW-FOUND STRENGTH **SUB-MARINER** PUSHES ASIDE THE UNSET CONCRETE LIKE SO MUCH MUD!
BLAST THESE BLOKES AND THEIR CONCRETE! I WANT ELBOW ROOM!
GLAD I'M FREE OF CEMENT MUD!... NOW, THAT SHIP WE WERE LOADING— I'VE GOTTA SAVE HER! — **SHOOTING STARFISH!**— HOW LONG WAS I IN THAT **COOP???**
HE BREAKS THE SURFACE TO MAKE AN INQUIRY....
THE SUPPLY SHIP?— WHY SHE LEFT PORT NIGHT BEFORE LAST!
BOPPING SEA BASS! THAT MEANS SHE'S TWO DAYS' OUT!— WHILE I WAS **"OUT"**
... THEN TURNS SEAWARD AND SWIMS FASTER THAN HE EVER SWAM BEFORE!
I GOTTA GET TO THAT SHIP BEFORE THE CARGO **STARTS TO SHIFT! EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW!**
HOURS LATER.... ON THE SUPPLY SHIP, THE CAPTAIN MAKES HIS ROUNDS, WHEN....
THE CARGO BELT SNAPPED!
LOOK OUT! THE OIL DRUMS ARE LOOSE!
SNAP!
OOOO!
OIL
SHIFTING CARGOES! — STOP THE SHIP! THIS IS A FINE BLOOMIN' MESS!!
AS THE HEROIC SAILORS RUSH TO THE RESCUE, THE OVERWHELMING WEIGHT OF THE SHIFTING CARGOES MAKES THE SHIP LIST.
TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC!
THUD!
THUD!
CRASH!
PUSH THAT CARGO BACK BEFORE THIS SHIP BREAKS IN HALF!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
WE C-CAN'T!
10


JUST THEN...
ROLLICKING ROE! THERE'S THE BOAT! IT'S LISTING ALREADY! AND SHE'LL ROLL OVER SOON, UNLESS—
MINUTES LATER... SUB-MARINER CLIMBS ON BOARD.
OUTTA MY WAY, SQUIRT!—I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
WHAT!
FIRST I GOTTA GET THESE HEAVY BARRELS BACK IN PLACE!
HOLD #2
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
OIL
DASHING EVERYWHERE... NEVER TIRING... SUB-MARINER'S BRAWN AND BRAIN COMBINING TO QUICKLY RIGHT THE UNBALANCED SHIP!
GUNS!
HEY, YOU! GET THOSE CARGO BELTS REPAIRED!
RIGHTO, MATEY! WHAT A MAN!
THE SHIP'S LEVELLING OUT!
SOON...
YOUR SHIP'S O.K., NOW CAPTAIN.
WAIT! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES—YOU SAVED THE SHIP—
YEAH!—BUT NOTHING'S GONNA SAVE A SMELLIN' SMELT NAMED VON GOTCH! AND I'M GOIN' BACK TO GET HIM NOW!
A FEW HOURS LATER, IN VON GOTCH'S OFFICE!
HA-HA! VE SAVE DER NAZIS DER EXPENSE OF TORPEDOING SHIPS BOUND FOR DER UNITED NATIONS!
SHIFTING CARGOES SINK THE SHIP THEMSELVES!
PRIVATE
AND THE ONLY GUY THAT CAUGHT ONTO THE SCHEME IS DEAD-WRAPPED IN A BLANKET OF OF CONCRETE! HA-HA!

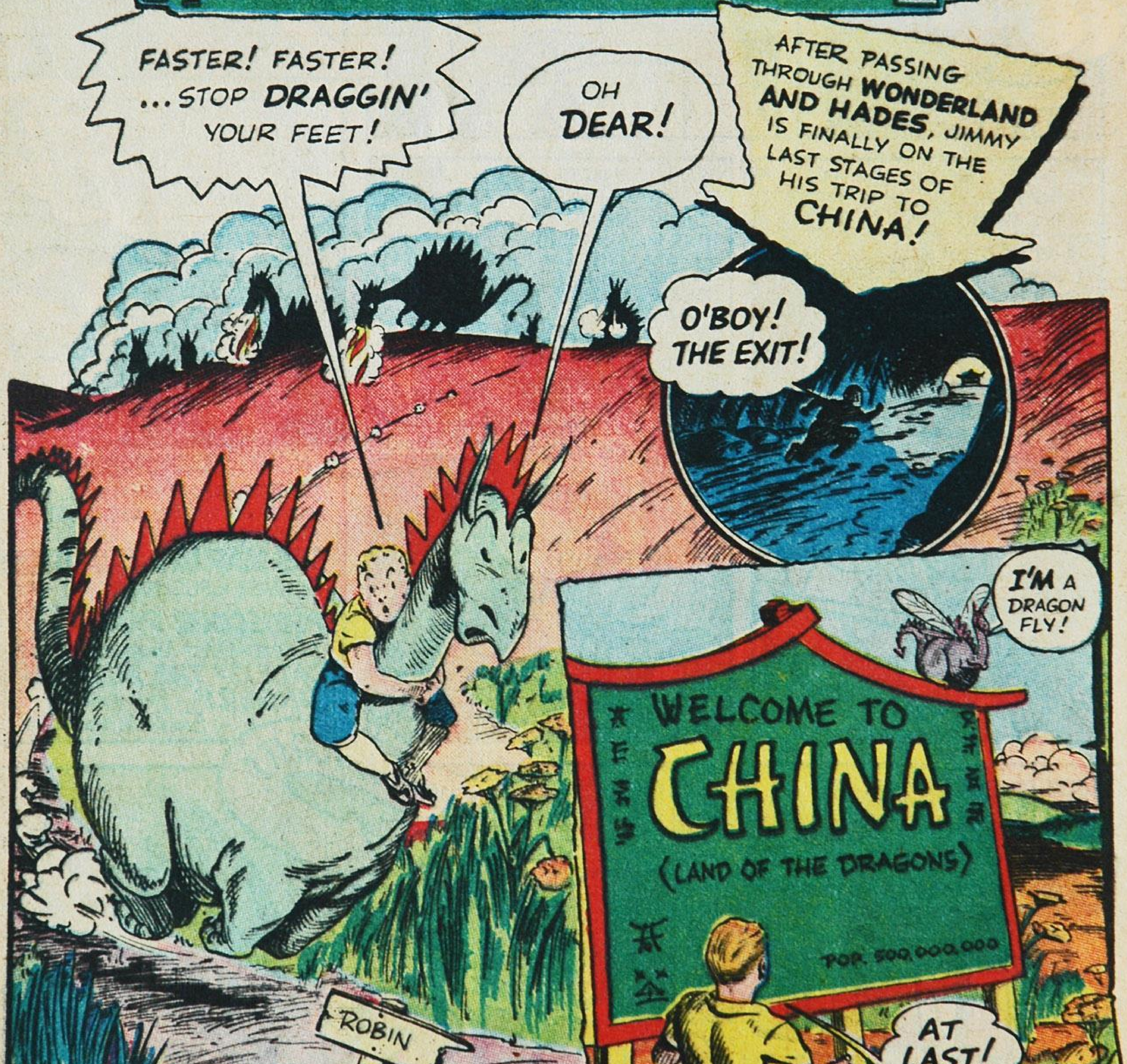

TOMORROW MORNING VE VILL LOAD ANODDER SHIP- VHICH VILL SINK TO DER BOTTOM! HA-HA!
BUT ··· SUDDENLY ····
HERE'S WHERE YOU SINK- NOT THE SHIP, YOU STINKER!
VOT??? ALIVE?? ··· I AM CRAZY!!
PRIVATE
FURIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER TEARS INTO VON GOTCH!
I'M GONNA MAKE NAZI CLAM CHOWDER OUTTA THE REST OF YOU POOR FISH!
YEOW!
HE MIXES THEM WELL ··· AND DUMPS THEM ALL IN A SMALL CARGO TRUCK!
NEXT STOP IS THE MARITIME COMMISSION! AROUND THE CORNER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER ····
YOU WON'T NEED ME TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THIS MISSING SHIPS - AS YOU MENTION IN THE PAPERS! THERE'S THE ANSWER!
WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A SEA COOK!
VON GOTCH, AND HIS LOADING COMPANY!
MARIT ME COM
ACH!
12
I KNEW I'D SEEN VON GOTCH'S FACE! HE'S THE SARDINE WHO WAS HEAD OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE IN THE LAST WAR ··· AND WAS INTERNED FOR SPY ACTIVITIES! NOW HE CAN BE SHOT!!!
NOW ... LOOKEE! TERRIFIC NEW ADVENTURES HAVE HAPPENED TO ME, WHICH ARE FEATURED IN THE SUB-MARINER QUARTERLY SUMMER ISSUE No.8! "PERISCOPE PERIL" IS ONE -- AND ANOTHER IS THE "CASE OF THE MISSING FINGER!" Your pal, Sub-Mariner


SUB-MARINER
IS WAITING FOR IT!
TERRY-TOONS
Are you?
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1st.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

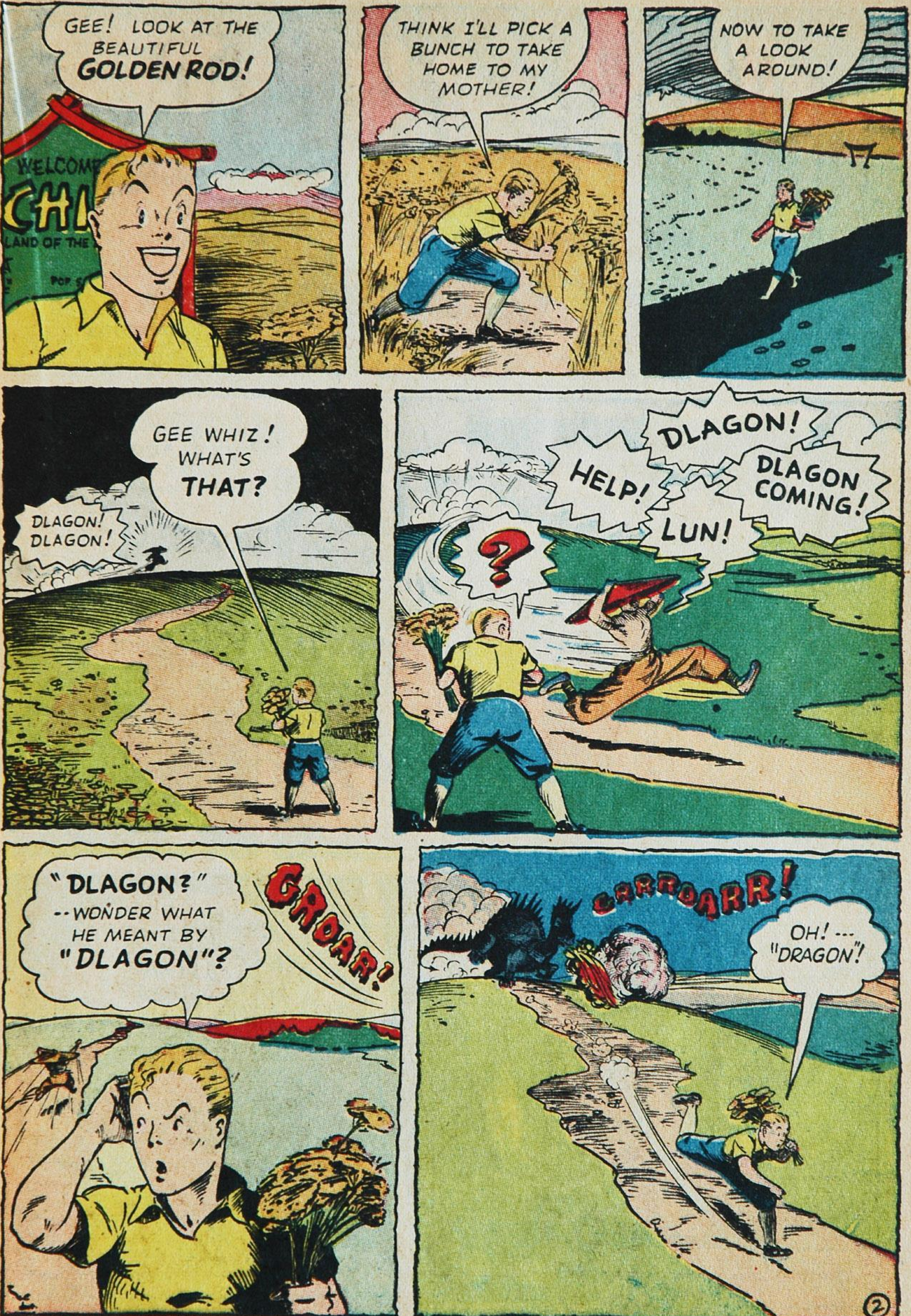
JIMMY JUPITER

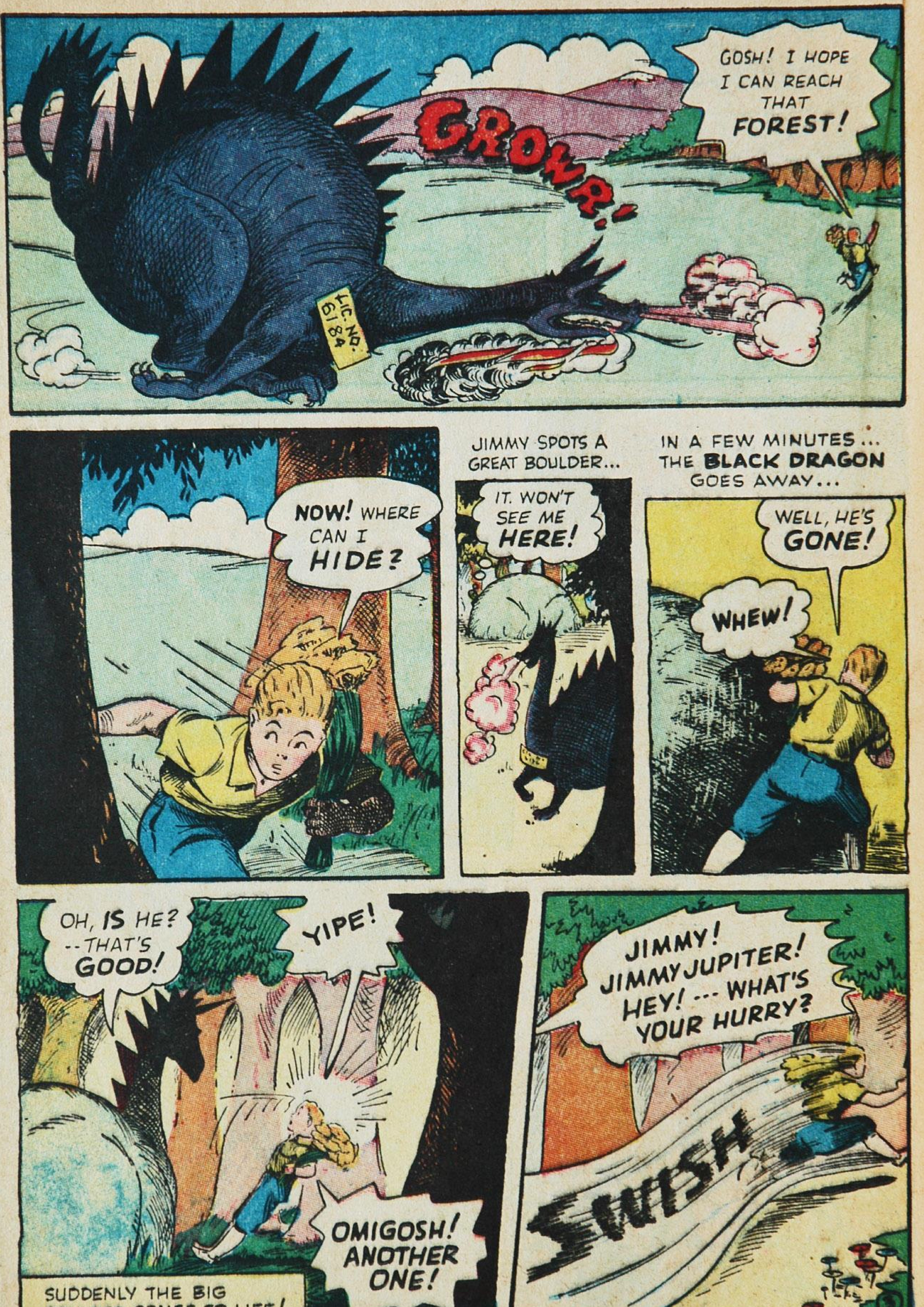
and his

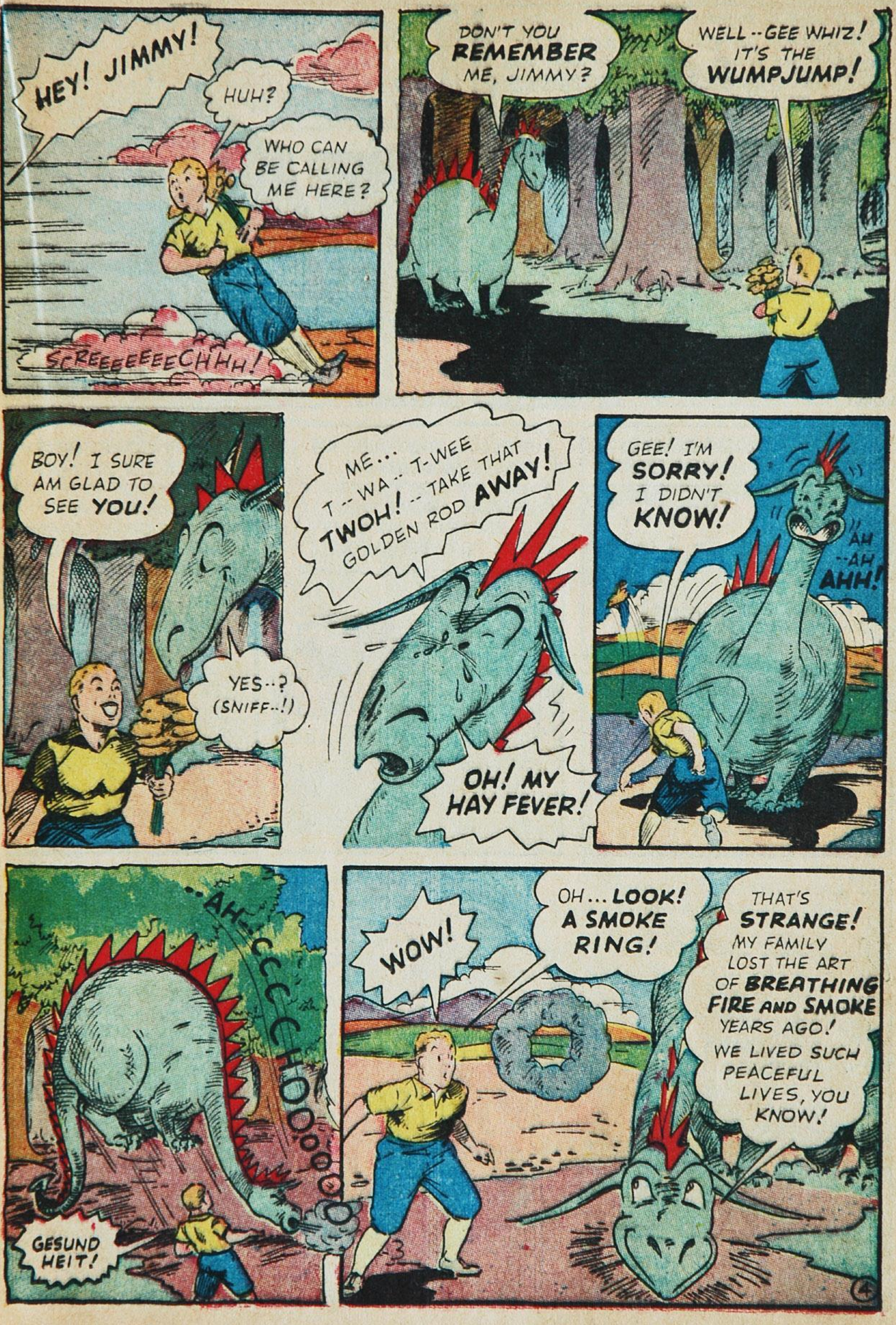
TUNNEL TO CHINA

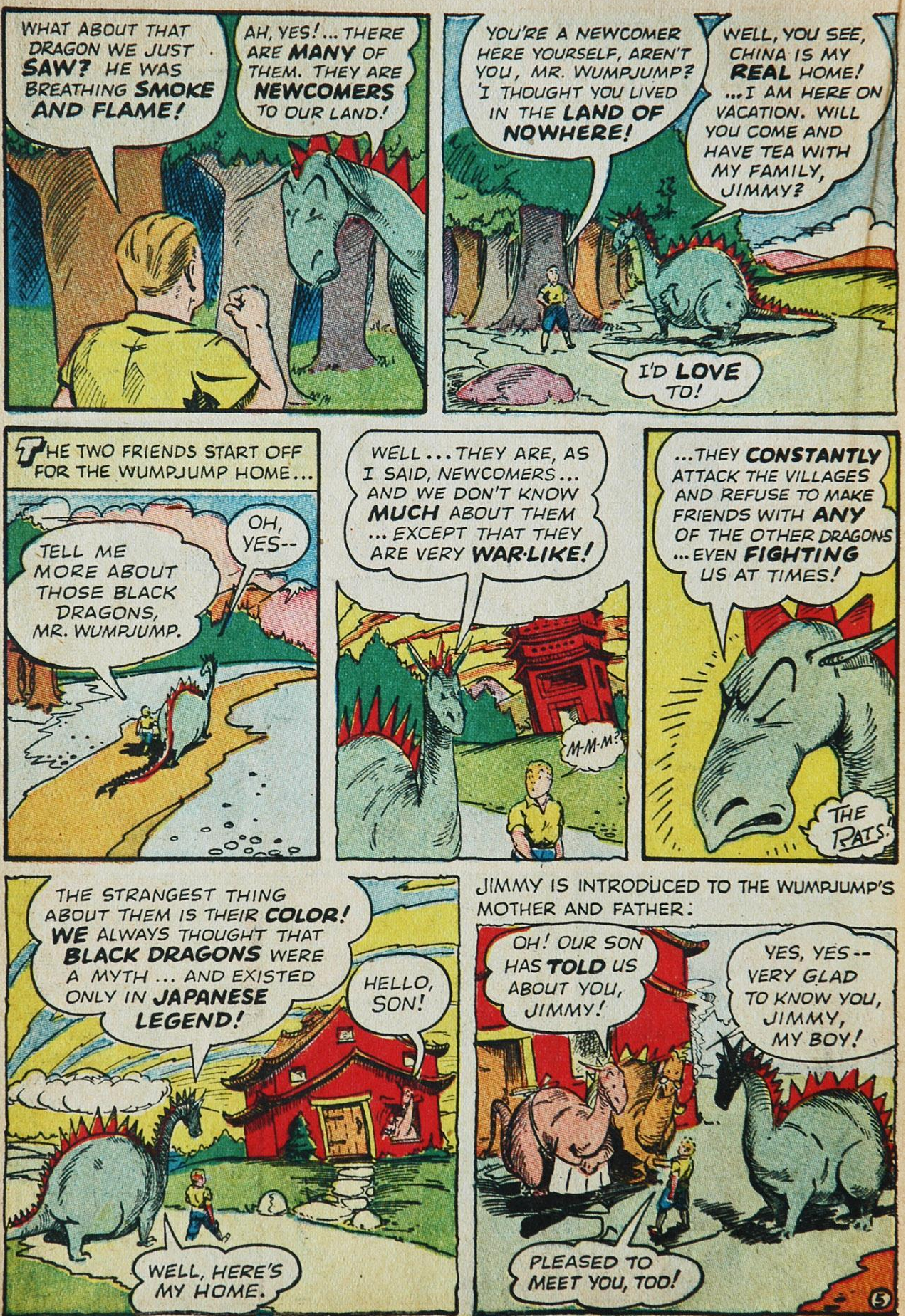


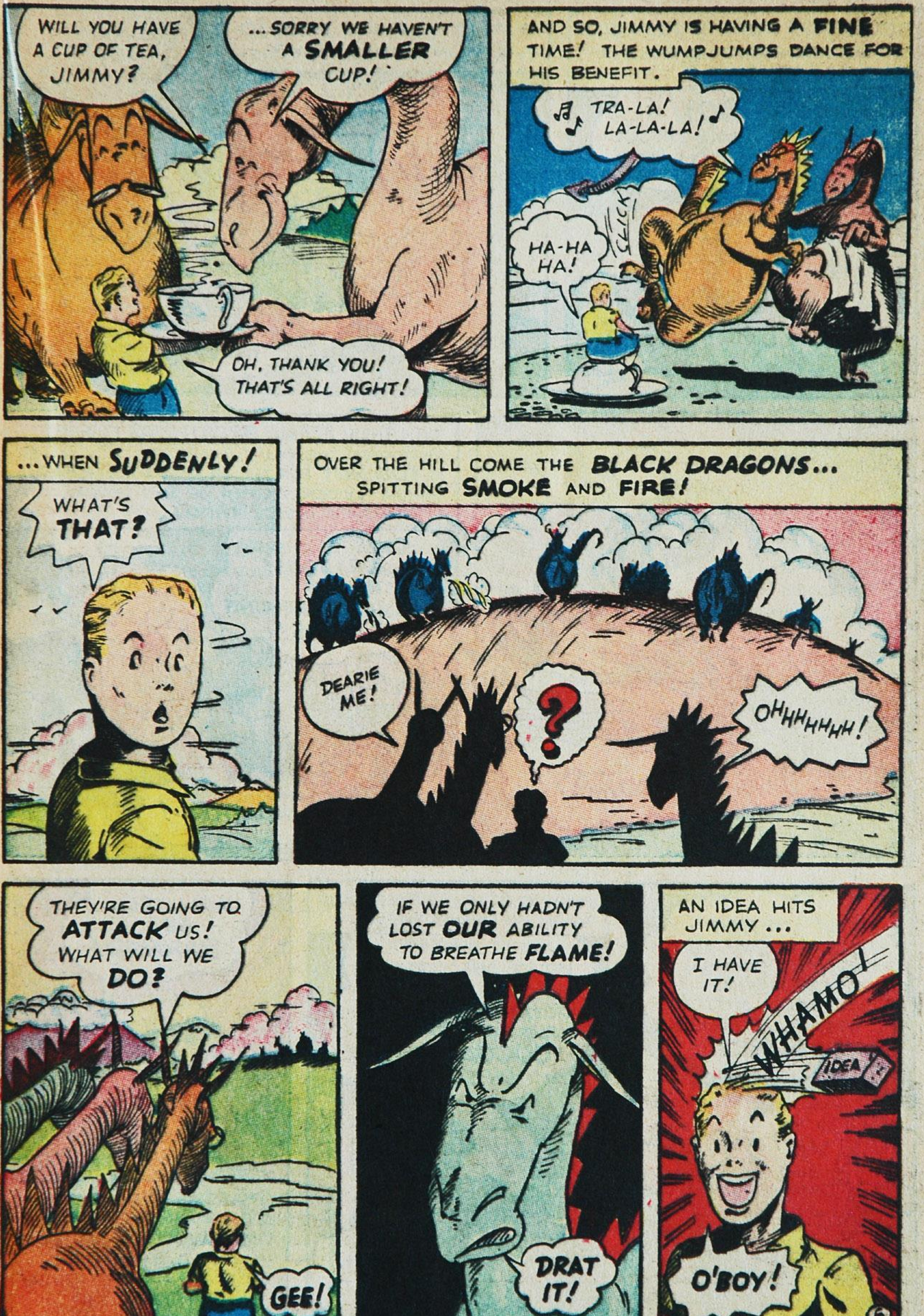
FASTER! FASTER! ...STOP DRAGGIN' YOUR FEET!
OH DEAR!
AFTER PASSING THROUGH WONDERLAND AND HADES, JIMMY IS FINALLY ON THE LAST STAGES OF HIS TRIP TO CHINA!
O'BOY! THE EXIT!
I'M A DRAGON FLY!
WELCOME TO CHINA (LAND OF THE DRAGONS)
POP. 500,000,000
ROBIN
AT LAST!

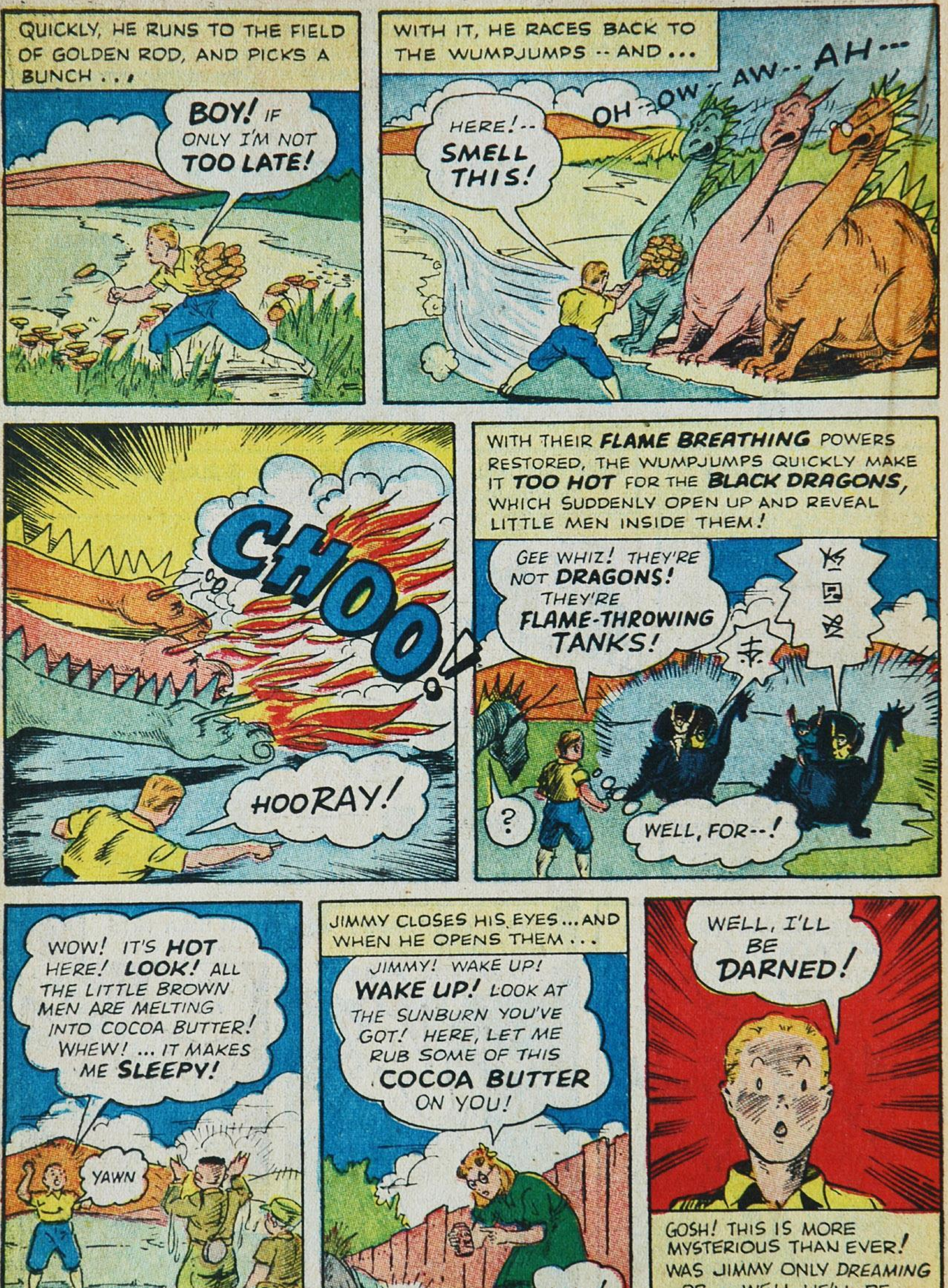

WELCOME
CHI
LAND OF THE
GEE! LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN ROD!
THINK I'LL PICK A BUNCH TO TAKE HOME TO MY MOTHER!
NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
GEE WHIZ! WHAT'S THAT?
DLAGON! DLAGON!
DLAGON!
HELP!
DLAGON COMING!
LUN!
?
"DLAGON?" --WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY "DLAGON"?
GROAR!
GRRROARR!
OH! --- "DRAGON"!


GOSH! I HOPE I CAN REACH THAT FOREST!
GROWR!
LIC. NO. 6184
NOW! WHERE CAN I HIDE?
JIMMY SPOTS A GREAT BOULDER...
IT. WON'T SEE ME HERE!
IN A FEW MINUTES... THE BLACK DRAGON GOES AWAY...
WELL, HE'S GONE!
WHEW!
OH, IS HE? --THAT'S GOOD!
YIPE!
OMIGOSH! ANOTHER ONE!
SUDDENLY THE BIG BOULDER COMES TO LIFE!
JIMMY! JIMMY JUPITER! HEY! --- WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
SWISH


HEY! JIMMY!
HUH?
WHO CAN BE CALLING ME HERE?
SCREEEEEEEECHHH!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, JIMMY?
WELL -- GEE WHIZ! IT'S THE WUMPJUMP!
BOY! I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YES--? (SNIFF--!)
ME... T--WA--T-WEE TWOH!--TAKE THAT GOLDEN ROD AWAY!
OH! MY HAY FEVER!
GEE! I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW!
AH --AH AHH!
--AH--CCCCHOOOOOO
GESUND HEIT!
WOW!
OH... LOOK! A SMOKE RING!
THAT'S STRANGE! MY FAMILY LOST THE ART OF BREATHING FIRE AND SMOKE YEARS AGO! WE LIVED SUCH PEACEFUL LIVES, YOU KNOW!


WHAT ABOUT THAT DRAGON WE JUST **SAW?** HE WAS BREATHING **SMOKE AND FLAME!**
AH, YES! ... THERE ARE **MANY** OF THEM. THEY ARE **NEWCOMERS** TO OUR LAND!
YOU'RE A NEWCOMER HERE YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU, MR. WUMPJUMP? I THOUGHT YOU LIVED IN THE **LAND OF NOWHERE!**
WELL, YOU SEE, CHINA IS MY **REAL** HOME! ...I AM HERE ON VACATION. WILL YOU COME AND HAVE TEA WITH MY FAMILY, JIMMY?
I'D **LOVE** TO!
THE TWO FRIENDS START OFF FOR THE WUMPJUMP HOME...
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THOSE BLACK DRAGONS, MR. WUMPJUMP.
OH, YES--
WELL ... THEY ARE, AS I SAID, NEWCOMERS ... AND WE DON'T KNOW **MUCH** ABOUT THEM ... EXCEPT THAT THEY ARE VERY **WAR-LIKE!**
M-M-M?
...THEY **CONSTANTLY** ATTACK THE VILLAGES AND REFUSE TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH **ANY** OF THE OTHER DRAGONS ...EVEN **FIGHTING** US AT TIMES!
THE RATS!
THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THEM IS THEIR **COLOR!** **WE** ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT **BLACK DRAGONS** WERE A MYTH ... AND EXISTED ONLY IN **JAPANESE LEGEND!**
HELLO, SON!
WELL, HERE'S MY HOME.
JIMMY IS INTRODUCED TO THE WUMPJUMP'S MOTHER AND FATHER:
OH! OUR SON HAS **TOLD** US ABOUT YOU, JIMMY!
YES, YES -- VERY GLAD TO KNOW YOU, JIMMY, MY BOY!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, TOO!
5


WILL YOU HAVE A CUP OF TEA, JIMMY?
...SORRY WE HAVEN'T A SMALLER CUP!
OH, THANK YOU! THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
AND SO, JIMMY IS HAVING A FINE TIME! THE WUMPJUMPS DANCE FOR HIS BENEFIT.
♬ TRA-LA! LA-LA-LA! ♪
HA-HA HA!
CLICK
...WHEN SUDDENLY!
WHAT'S THAT?
OVER THE HILL COME THE BLACK DRAGONS... SPITTING SMOKE AND FIRE!
DEARIE ME!
?
OHHHHHHH!
THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK US! WHAT WILL WE DO?
GEE!
IF WE ONLY HADN'T LOST OUR ABILITY TO BREATHE FLAME!
DRAT IT!
AN IDEA HITS JIMMY...
I HAVE IT!
WHAMO!
IDEA
O'BOY!


QUICKLY, HE RUNS TO THE FIELD OF GOLDEN ROD, AND PICKS A BUNCH . . .
BOY! IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE!
WITH IT, HE RACES BACK TO THE WUMPJUMPS -- AND . . .
HERE! -- SMELL THIS!
OH -- OW -- AW -- AH ---
CHOO!
HOORAY!
WITH THEIR FLAME BREATHING POWERS RESTORED, THE WUMPJUMPS QUICKLY MAKE IT TOO HOT FOR THE BLACK DRAGONS, WHICH SUDDENLY OPEN UP AND REVEAL LITTLE MEN INSIDE THEM!
GEE WHIZ! THEY'RE NOT DRAGONS! THEY'RE FLAME-THROWING TANKS!
?
WELL, FOR--!
WOW! IT'S HOT HERE! LOOK! ALL THE LITTLE BROWN MEN ARE MELTING INTO COCOA BUTTER! WHEW! ... IT MAKES ME SLEEPY!
YAWN
JIMMY CLOSES HIS EYES ... AND WHEN HE OPENS THEM . . .
JIMMY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! LOOK AT THE SUNBURN YOU'VE GOT! HERE, LET ME RUB SOME OF THIS COCOA BUTTER ON YOU!
HUH! WHAT?
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
GOSH! THIS IS MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN EVER! WAS JIMMY ONLY DREAMING --OR --- WELL, HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH! -- MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT THEN!

SATAN HIMSELF!

By SPILLANE

JOE CLEEREY was a curious fellow. For six years he had lived under the brazing sun of the Arizona desert, walking the hot sands with his pack mule in his search for gold. About once a month he ran across another person, that being the only time he got any news about *outside*. So naturally he had to spend his time doing something when he wasn't panning or digging for the yellow dust, so he spent it being curious.

Everything attracted his attention, from bugs crawling across rocks, to buzzards wheeling in the sky. He investigated anything out of place that crossed his path, and spoke to it like it was another person. The way he figured, if he didn't he'd forget how to speak altogether! Oft times, Joe would go miles out of his way to see what it was that glinted in the sun so brightly. Usually, it turned out to be a piece of quartz, or a discarded chunk of metal that the dry atmosphere never gave a a chance to rust.

So when Joe Cleerey saw the thing he thought was a bird flapping aimlessly about not far overhead, he got curious. The thing flapped closer, doing flip-flops in the air like a crazy thing. Finally it fluttered to the sand, exhausted. Joe stopped and went over to it. He sucked in air at the sight. "Bird nothing," he hissed, "T'were a bat! Now what the dickens would a bat be doing out in broad daylight in *this* part of the country!"

Scratching his head in puzzlement, Joe stuck the bat in a sack. It couldn't have come from far off. Well, the only thing to do was investigate. Curiosity was crawling on Joe like rabbits in a wheat field. He spied a little hillock about a half mile north. "Might have come from over there. Hmmmmm. I'll have a look-see, anyway." he mused.

With the burro plodding along beside him, the prospector trudged through the loose sandy dirt. The sun overhead beat mercilessly down, and sweat ran in little rivulets from under his hat. Finally the pair, man and mule, reached the hillock. It was a very ordinary looking thing from the south side, and Joe was very disappointed, indeed. He dropped the burro's reins and walked around to the north side. And there it was! A six foot wide crevice in solid rock!

The sandhawk's nose wrinkled with unbounded curiosity. This called for a bit of exploration, and it was right up his alley. Out of his kit bag he took a lantern, lit it, and slipped into the natural cave. Suddenly there was a wild whirring of thousands of wings! They beat at the lantern, while little claws hooked into his clothes. More bats! They swarmed out of the cave in a mad frenzy, and flapped aimlessly in the bright light.

Joe flattened against the rock wall and waited for them to get out. He shook loose those stuck to his raggedy jacket, and when they followed the rest, poked ahead. For a few yards the place was level, then it took a sharp angle downward. It was easy going. Projecting rocks stuck out all over, and provided good foot and hand holds. Gradually the place took on weird colors. Small animals scurried about under foot.

How much time passed, Joe never knew. The place so intrigued him that he didn't bother to figure it out. Anyway, time was the thing he had the most of, so why worry about it? Then . . . from the cavern of many turns, he stepped into a room of unearthly dimensions. It stretched upward as high as the eye could see! Pointing from the floor up were giant stalagmites, while their counterparts were faintly visible from the distant ceiling. A steady drip of water was the only sound beside his own heavy breathing.

MANY EXITS LED from the enormous chamber, and Joe chose one of them. Careful to scratch his way with a knife, he entered one. Down, down he went. The place seemed to have no end. The lantern cast a yellow glow on the greenish-grey walls making the tunnel a ghostly lane. Hours passed, and Joe kept on. He entered many other chambers, each larger than the rest, but with each one, his curiosity increased and he continued his trek.

It was when he entered the last huge room that he noticed the difference. It was getting warmer! How deep in the bowels of the earth he was will never be known, but whereas when he first entered it was fairly cool, the temperature now was the same as that in the glaring sun on the surface, only here it was moist, unbearably so. "Guess I must be near one of them underground hot water streams!" Joe said to himself.

It was then that he felt it. Someone was in here with him! Joe had lived alone long enough to be super-sensitive to another's presence, and now he was sure that another living creature was somewhere near! He could even feel its eyes burning into him. Again his curiosity got the better of him. He flashed the light into every corner, but he saw nothing!

His flesh crawled. The most unearthly feeling came over him. This was not an animal . . . he would have known the difference at once, and had it been a four footed creature it certainly would have attacked him before this. What ever it was, it surveyed him very calmly from some hidden spot. For once, Joe's curiosity didn't overcome him. He took a last look around, then turned on his heel and started back the way he came!

THEN . . . A LOW RUMBLE reverberated throughout the place. It went down to a snarl and stopped. That was a *human voice* . . . scarcely distinguishable . . but unmistakably human! Joe jumped three feet in the air and came down running. He tore straight ahead for all he was worth, his feet a blur in the lamp's rays. Unfortunately, he didn't see the wall ahead, and he hit it full out. His breath whooshed out, and he bounced back like a rubber ball! Luckily, the lantern was still intact.

It came again, that awful voice. Joe scrambled to his feet and panted away. Gone was his curiosity. All he wanted was to get out of there . . . and *fast!* His eyes sought out the trail he scratched on the floor and found it. But the rumbling came closer. "Who is that! Joe called. "Speak up, critter!" The great hall threw back a dozen echos at him. By now, Joe was shaking so hard his knees hurt when they bumped.

"Critter? No, I am like *you!"*

Joe turned sharply. "Whao said that!" Coming so unexpectedly, the voice gave him the *creeps!* Unbounded terror shook him right down to his shoes. Again that rich, mellow voice broke the stillness.

"I did. won't you come with me? Step this way." Joe almost fell over.

"Lemme go, whoever you are! Get out of here!" Again the echos boomed back. And that was the difference. The other's voice didn't cast an echo! What was this person! This time the voice held a trace of anger.

"But I live here. I cannot go away!" With all his fright, Joe located the voice. It came from a patch of darkness a few yards away. So black was the patch that the light rays couldn't penetrate it. Now, Joe was a brave man, even in these circumstances. With a cry of rage, he hurled the light at the blob of darkness and jumped to the attack!

THE LAMP MISSED, but Joe didn't. He landed on a creature that seemed completely naked. Sharp claws raked his face, but he grabbed an arm and held on. The skin seemed tougher than a razorback hog, covered with wire-like hair. Joe kicked out, struggling fiercely. Back and forth they went, gradually getting out of range of the light.

Something came down on Joe's foot, something hard and sharp. Once a horse stepped on him and it felt exactly like that. What manner of man was *this!* It fought with demoniacal fury. For once Joe was thankful of the many back-breaking hours over a pick and shovel, for he was as hard as nails. Joe let go a vicious right hook. It caught his assailant flush on the jaw. It screamed out with all its hate. But it came on. Ordinarily, that punch would have floored a man! Joe swung at random now, for the lamp was to one side and a good distance away.

But the *other* creature could *see!* It's feet pattered on the floor, then two sharp prongs caught Joe in the stomach! His hands shot out and grabbed the head, at least that was what it was supposed to be. His fingers had circled around a pair of *horns!* The creature threshed about wildly, its fists swinging, but Joe had a firm grip now and he did not intend to let go just yet.

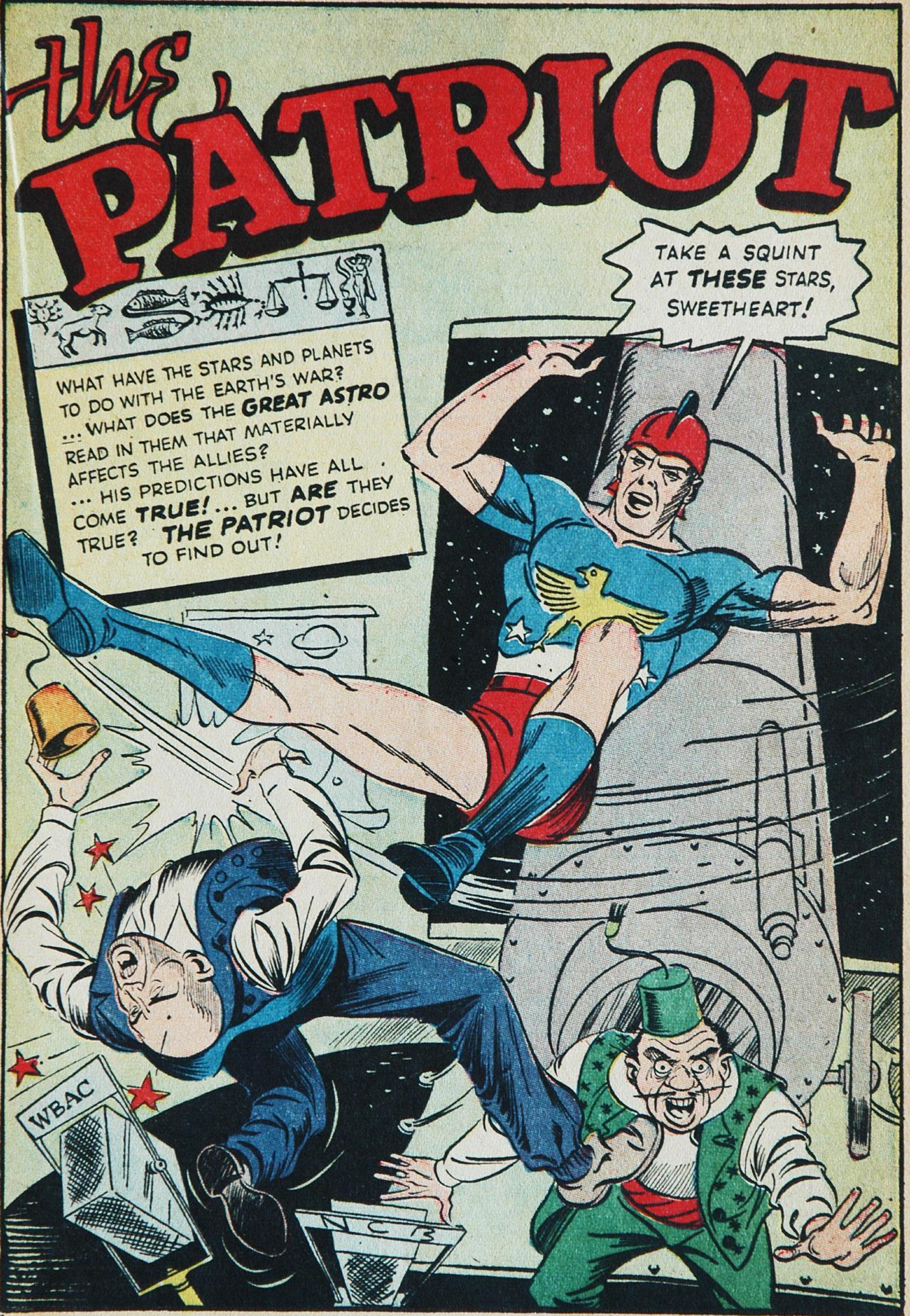
Keeping the other's head down was a job, but he managed, then slowly but surely dragged him nearer the light to get a *good* look at him. The thing realized at once what he was trying to do and screamed, "You must *not! No one* must see *me!"* And with a terrific tug the thing broke loose and tore away. Joe could hear the clatter of its hard feet going up the hallway. Without losing a second, Joe scooped up the lantern and glued his eyes to the dirt under his feet. He found his tracks coming in to the place, took a deep breath then ran . . . faster than he had ever done before.

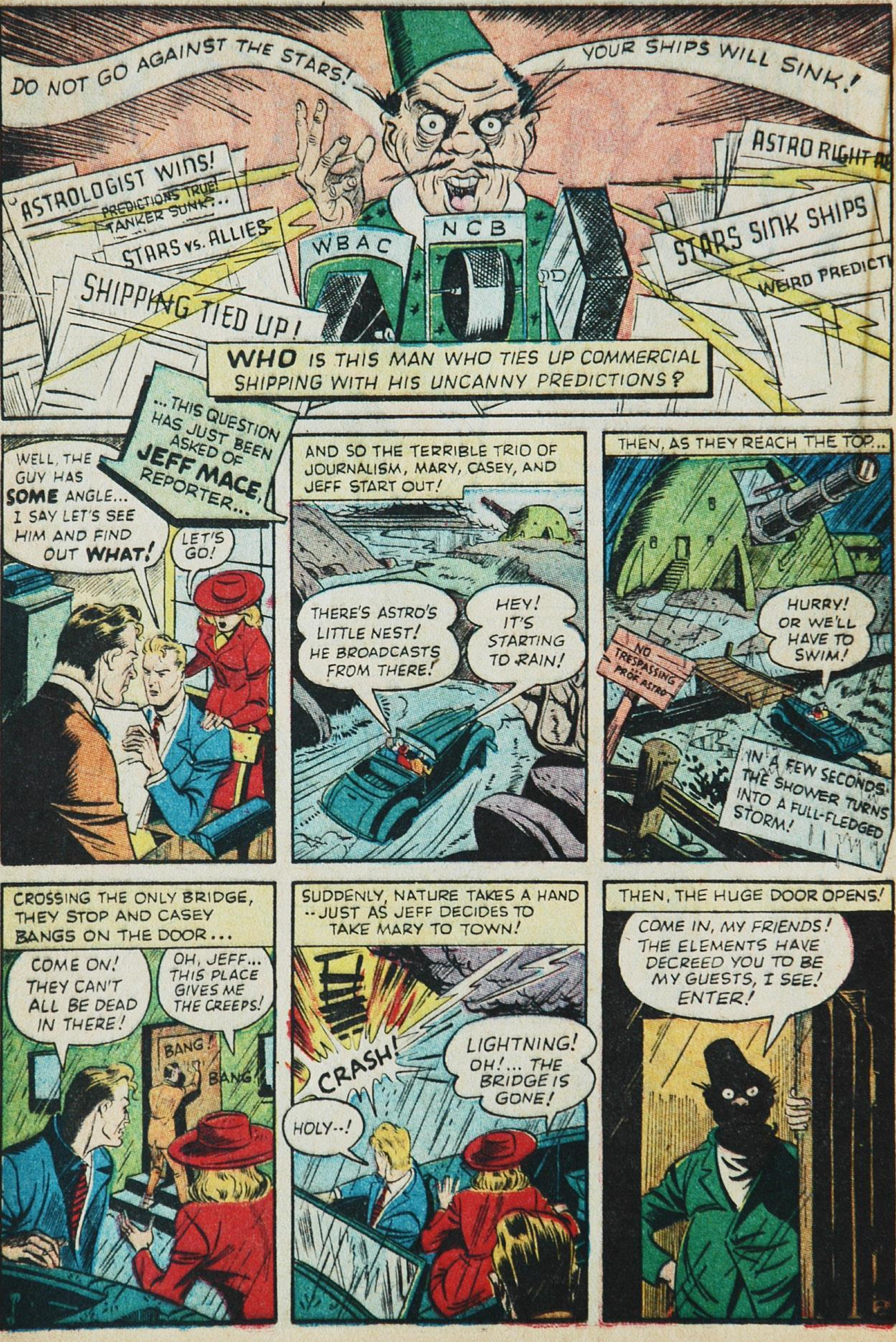
When he finally reached the top his clothes hung in tatters. The lantern was dented and cracked, but its light still shone. Joe went through the bat cave so fast that not one moved, unless they were caught in his breeze. Outside, the sun was almost down. The burro grazed peacefully and everything was normal again.

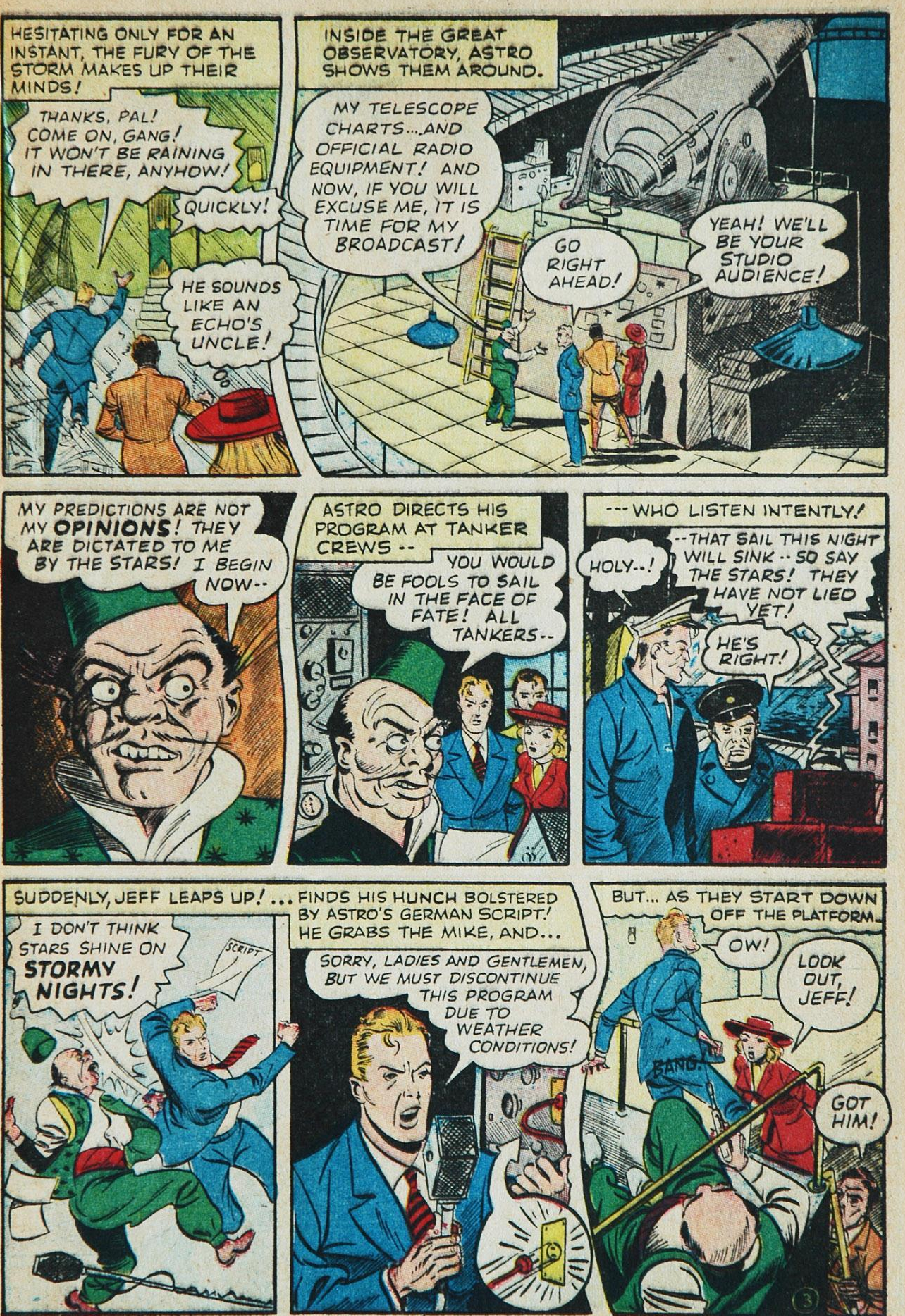
JOE SCRATCHED his head, then the past events hit him all at once. The heat, the strange creature with the hooves and horns that could not be seen . . . all this in the middle of the desert. And the bats. You could not forget the bats! That was it all right, he had met *the Devil in person!* There could be no *other* explanation!

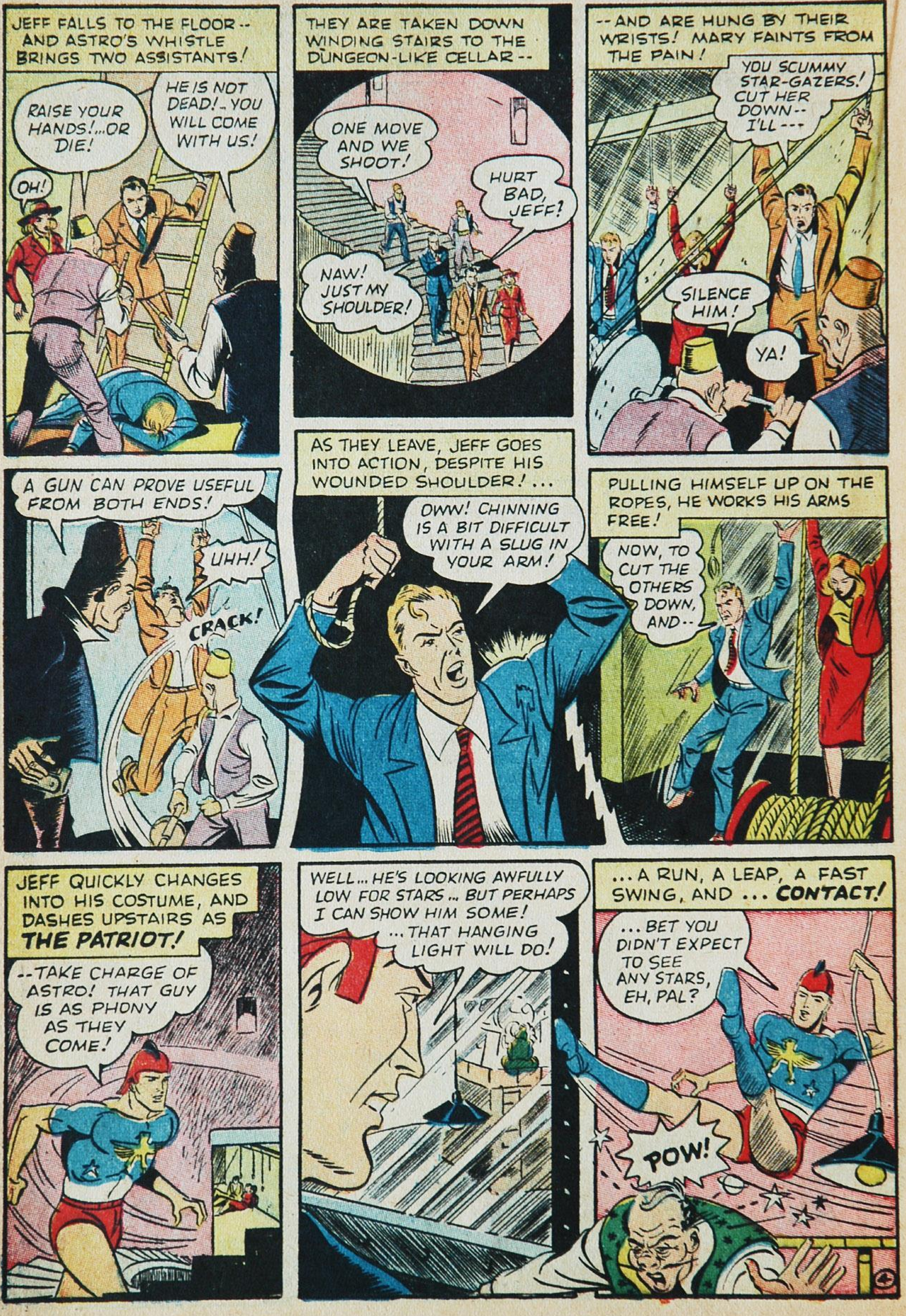
Joe Cleerey never told this story to a living creature outside his burro, for, as he said to the droopy old pack mule, "Nobody'd ever believe me, nohow! Anyway, maybe it was just another old prospector that stumbled in that cave and couldn't find the way out . . . *maybe!"*

THE END

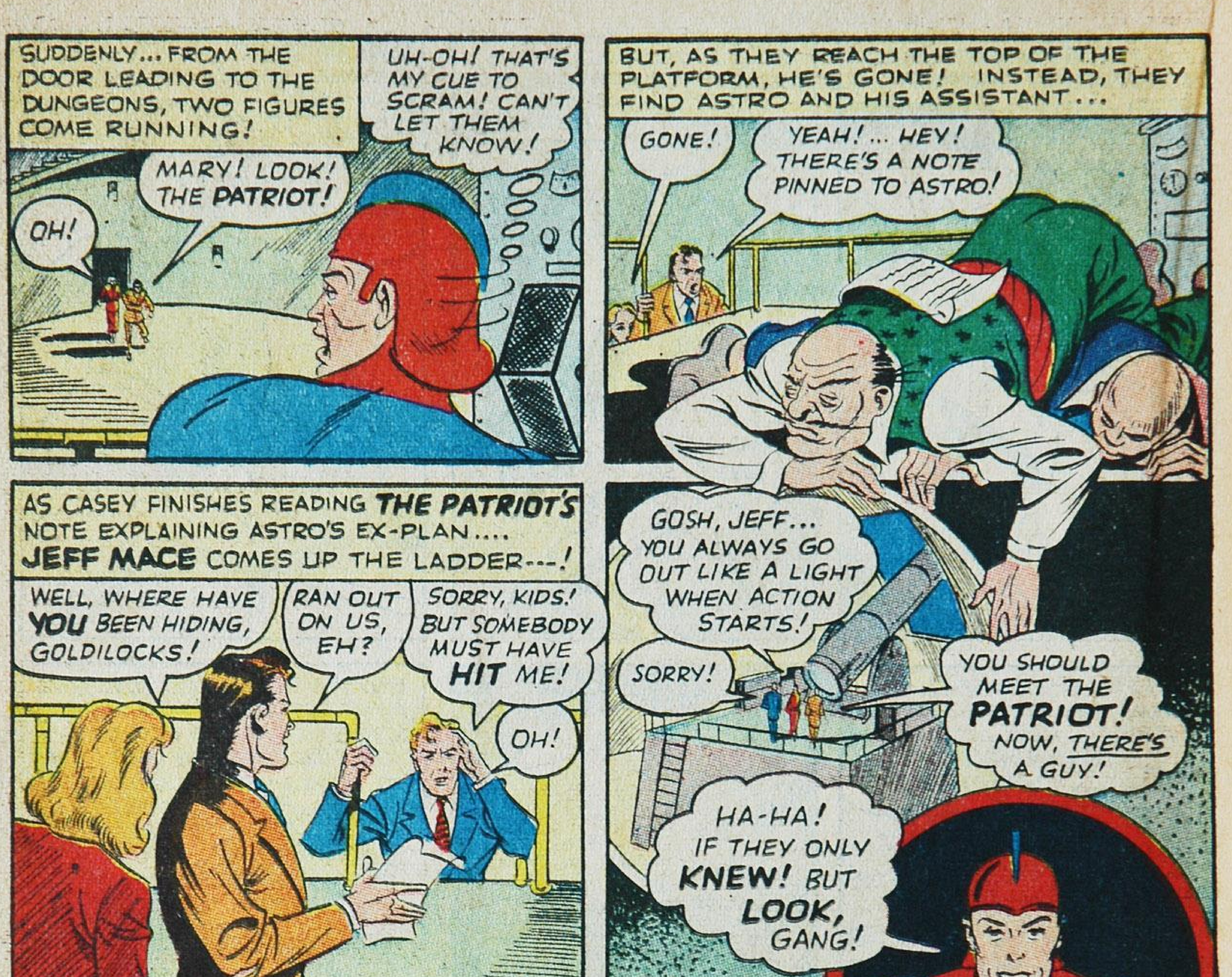

the PATRIOT
WHAT HAVE THE STARS AND PLANETS TO DO WITH THE EARTH'S WAR? WHAT DOES THE **GREAT ASTRO** ... READ IN THEM THAT MATERIALLY AFFECTS THE ALLIES? ... HIS PREDICTIONS HAVE ALL COME **TRUE!** ... BUT **ARE** THEY TRUE? **THE PATRIOT** DECIDES TO FIND OUT!
TAKE A SQUINT AT **THESE** STARS, SWEETHEART!
WBAC
NCB


DO NOT GO AGAINST THE STARS!
YOUR SHIPS WILL SINK!
ASTROLOGIST WINS!
PREDICTIONS TRUE! TANKER SUNK...
STARS vs. ALLIES
SHIPPING TIED UP!
WBAC
NCB
ASTRO RIGHT A
STARS SINK SHIPS
WEIRD PREDICT
WHO IS THIS MAN WHO TIES UP COMMERCIAL SHIPPING WITH HIS UNCANNY PREDICTIONS?
...THIS QUESTION HAS JUST BEEN ASKED OF JEFF MACE, REPORTER...
WELL, THE GUY HAS SOME ANGLE... I SAY LET'S SEE HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT!
LET'S GO!
AND SO THE TERRIBLE TRIO OF JOURNALISM, MARY, CASEY, AND JEFF START OUT!
THERE'S ASTRO'S LITTLE NEST! HE BROADCASTS FROM THERE!
HEY! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
THEN, AS THEY REACH THE TOP...
NO TRESPASSING PROF. ASTRO
HURRY! OR WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM!
IN A FEW SECONDS THE SHOWER TURNS INTO A FULL-FLEDGED STORM!
CROSSING THE ONLY BRIDGE, THEY STOP AND CASEY BANGS ON THE DOOR...
COME ON! THEY CAN'T ALL BE DEAD IN THERE!
OH, JEFF... THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
BANG!
BANG!
SUDDENLY, NATURE TAKES A HAND -- JUST AS JEFF DECIDES TO TAKE MARY TO TOWN!
CRASH!
LIGHTNING! OH!... THE BRIDGE IS GONE!
HOLY--!
THEN, THE HUGE DOOR OPENS!
COME IN, MY FRIENDS! THE ELEMENTS HAVE DECREED YOU TO BE MY GUESTS, I SEE! ENTER!

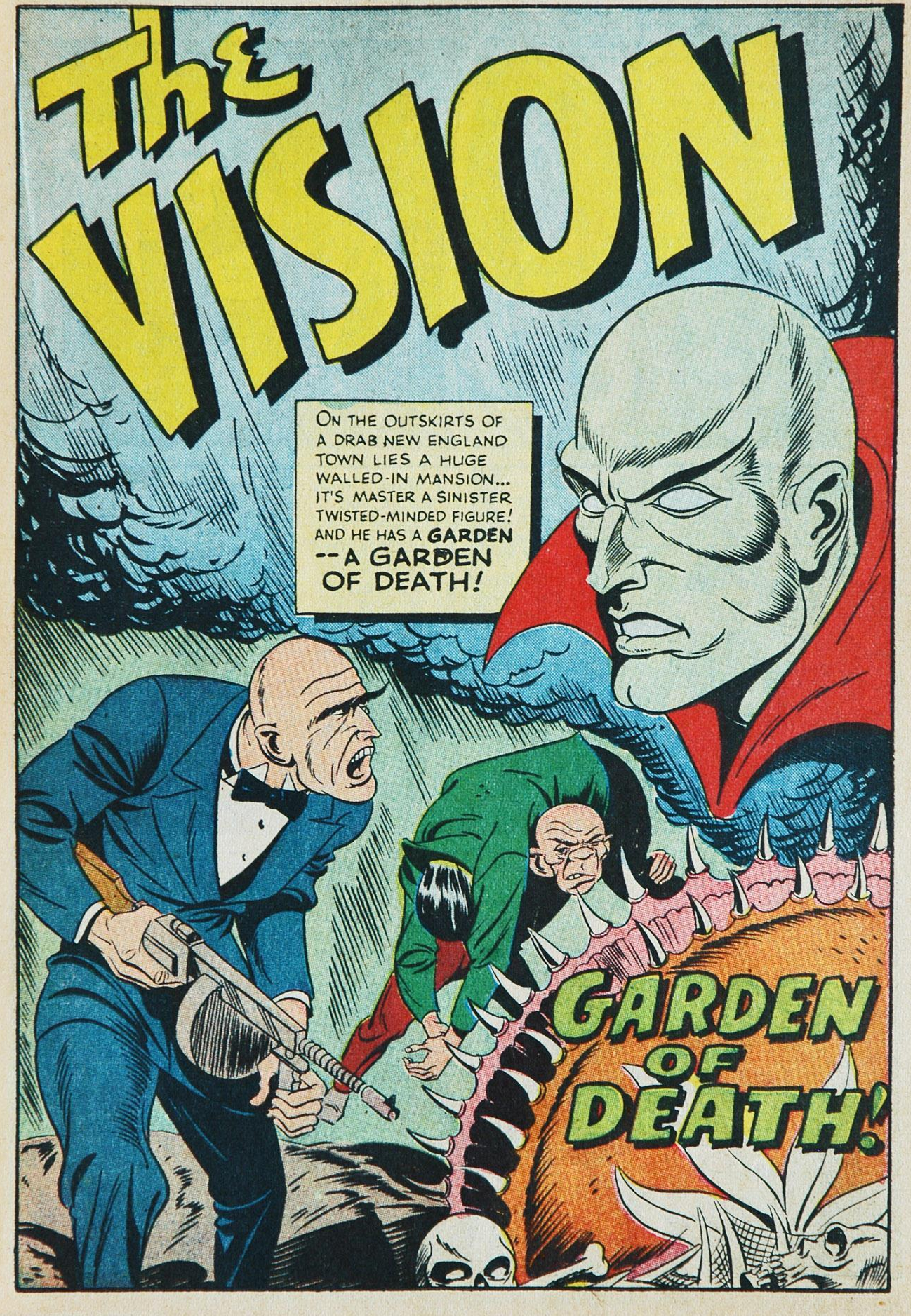

HESITATING ONLY FOR AN INSTANT, THE FURY OF THE STORM MAKES UP THEIR MINDS!
THANKS, PAL! COME ON, GANG! IT WON'T BE RAINING IN THERE, ANYHOW!
QUICKLY!
HE SOUNDS LIKE AN ECHO'S UNCLE!
INSIDE THE GREAT OBSERVATORY, ASTRO SHOWS THEM AROUND.
MY TELESCOPE CHARTS....AND OFFICIAL RADIO EQUIPMENT! AND NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, IT IS TIME FOR MY BROADCAST!
GO RIGHT AHEAD!
YEAH! WE'LL BE YOUR STUDIO AUDIENCE!
MY PREDICTIONS ARE NOT MY OPINIONS! THEY ARE DICTATED TO ME BY THE STARS! I BEGIN NOW--
ASTRO DIRECTS HIS PROGRAM AT TANKER CREWS --
YOU WOULD BE FOOLS TO SAIL IN THE FACE OF FATE! ALL TANKERS--
---WHO LISTEN INTENTLY!
--THAT SAIL THIS NIGHT WILL SINK -- SO SAY THE STARS! THEY HAVE NOT LIED YET!
HOLY--!
HE'S RIGHT!
SUDDENLY, JEFF LEAPS UP! ...
I DON'T THINK STARS SHINE ON STORMY NIGHTS!
SCRIPT
FINDS HIS HUNCH BOLSTERED BY ASTRO'S GERMAN SCRIPT! HE GRABS THE MIKE, AND...
SORRY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT WE MUST DISCONTINUE THIS PROGRAM DUE TO WEATHER CONDITIONS!
BUT... AS THEY START DOWN OFF THE PLATFORM...
OW!
LOOK OUT, JEFF!
BANG!
GOT HIM!
3


JEFF FALLS TO THE FLOOR -- AND ASTRO'S WHISTLE BRINGS TWO ASSISTANTS!
RAISE YOUR HANDS!...OR DIE!
HE IS NOT DEAD!..YOU WILL COME WITH US!
OH!
THEY ARE TAKEN DOWN WINDING STAIRS TO THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR --
ONE MOVE AND WE SHOOT!
HURT BAD, JEFF?
NAW! JUST MY SHOULDER!
-- AND ARE HUNG BY THEIR WRISTS! MARY FAINTS FROM THE PAIN!
YOU SCUMMY STAR-GAZERS! CUT HER DOWN -- I'LL ---
SILENCE HIM!
YA!
A GUN CAN PROVE USEFUL FROM BOTH ENDS!
UHH!
CRACK!
AS THEY LEAVE, JEFF GOES INTO ACTION, DESPITE HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER! ...
OWW! CHINNING IS A BIT DIFFICULT WITH A SLUG IN YOUR ARM!
PULLING HIMSELF UP ON THE ROPES, HE WORKS HIS ARMS FREE!
NOW, TO CUT THE OTHERS DOWN, AND--
JEFF QUICKLY CHANGES INTO HIS COSTUME, AND DASHES UPSTAIRS AS **THE PATRIOT!**
--TAKE CHARGE OF ASTRO! THAT GUY IS AS PHONY AS THEY COME!
WELL... HE'S LOOKING AWFULLY LOW FOR STARS ... BUT PERHAPS I CAN SHOW HIM SOME! ...THAT HANGING LIGHT WILL DO!
... A RUN, A LEAP, A FAST SWING, AND ... **CONTACT!**
... BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ANY STARS, EH, PAL?
POW!
4

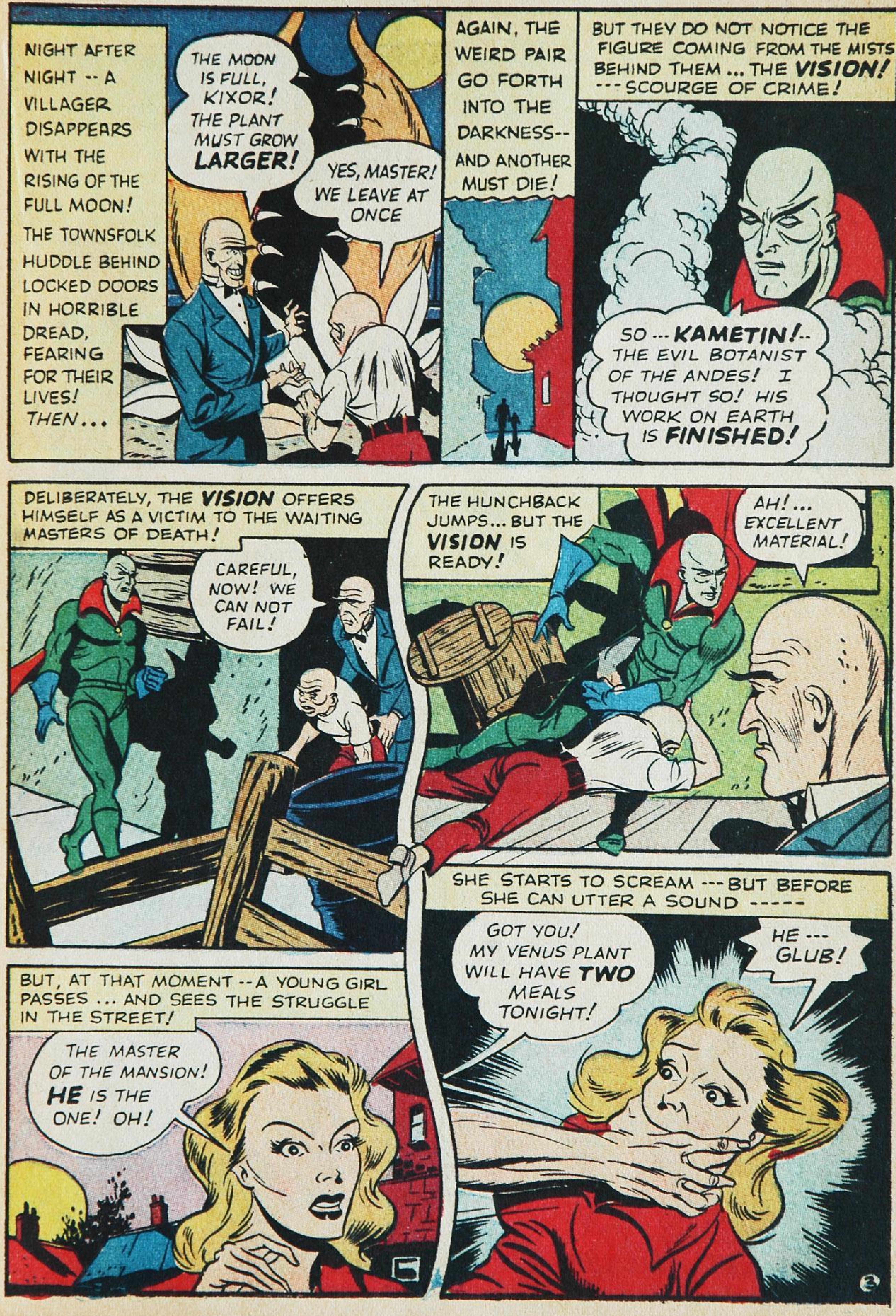
BUT, AS **THE PATRIOT** LANDS, A TOMMY GUN CHATTERS FROM ABOVE! ...
AMERICAN PIG!
UH-- OH!
RAT-TAT TAT
TAT TAT
THE GUNNER DIES... WITH A SLUG FROM HIS MASTER'S GUN ... IN THE HAND OF **THE PATRIOT!**
AGHH!
EXIT, PAL! ... HEY! ANOTHER ONE?
ZING!
THE PATRIOT WHIRLS --AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT WITH THE GUN ITSELF.
BINGO! I COULD SHOOT YOU ... BUT YOU MAY COME IN HANDY!
NOW FOR A LOOK-SEE! WOW! THIS BABY IS MOVING ITSELF! ... HEY! .. IT'S CENTERING ON SOMETHING! ...
THE TELESCOPE PICKS UP A NAZI SUBMARINE ... WHICH SUDDENLY BEGINS TO FLASH A SIGNAL WITH A VIOLET LIGHT!
WHAT A SET-UP! THIS COMMANDS A PERFECT VIEW OF NEW YORK HARBOR ... AND THE OCEAN OUTSIDE! THEY'RE USING ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT SO NO ONE ELSE CAN PICK IT UP!
THE PATRIOT RELIEVES THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD AND PERSUADES HIM TO TAKE THE CODE.
THEY'RE STANDING BY FOR ASTRO'S INSTRUCTIONS! HE USED THIS METHOD BECAUSE RADIO IS SO CLOSELY WATCHED!
HE GETS THE SUB'S EXACT POSITION . . .
GOOD! NOW TELL THEM TO STAY THERE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!
YA! YA!
HE HOOKS UP THE RADIO, AND...
CALLING U.S. COAST GUARD! ... NAZI SUB ... LATITUDE 128° ... LONGITUDE ...
YA!
5


SUDDENLY... FROM THE DOOR LEADING TO THE DUNGEONS, TWO FIGURES COME RUNNING!
UH-OH! THAT'S MY CUE TO SCRAM! CAN'T LET THEM KNOW!
MARY! LOOK! THE PATRIOT!
OH!
BUT, AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE PLATFORM, HE'S GONE! INSTEAD, THEY FIND ASTRO AND HIS ASSISTANT...
GONE!
YEAH!... HEY! THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO ASTRO!
AS CASEY FINISHES READING THE PATRIOT'S NOTE EXPLAINING ASTRO'S EX-PLAN.... JEFF MACE COMES UP THE LADDER---!
WELL, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING, GOLDILOCKS!
RAN OUT ON US, EH?
SORRY, KIDS! BUT SOMEBODY MUST HAVE HIT ME!
OH!
GOSH, JEFF... YOU ALWAYS GO OUT LIKE A LIGHT WHEN ACTION STARTS!
SORRY!
YOU SHOULD MEET THE PATRIOT! NOW, THERE'S A GUY!
HA-HA! IF THEY ONLY KNEW! BUT LOOK, GANG!
YOU CAN BE A PATRIOT! SURE... AND SIMPLY, TOO! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS....
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

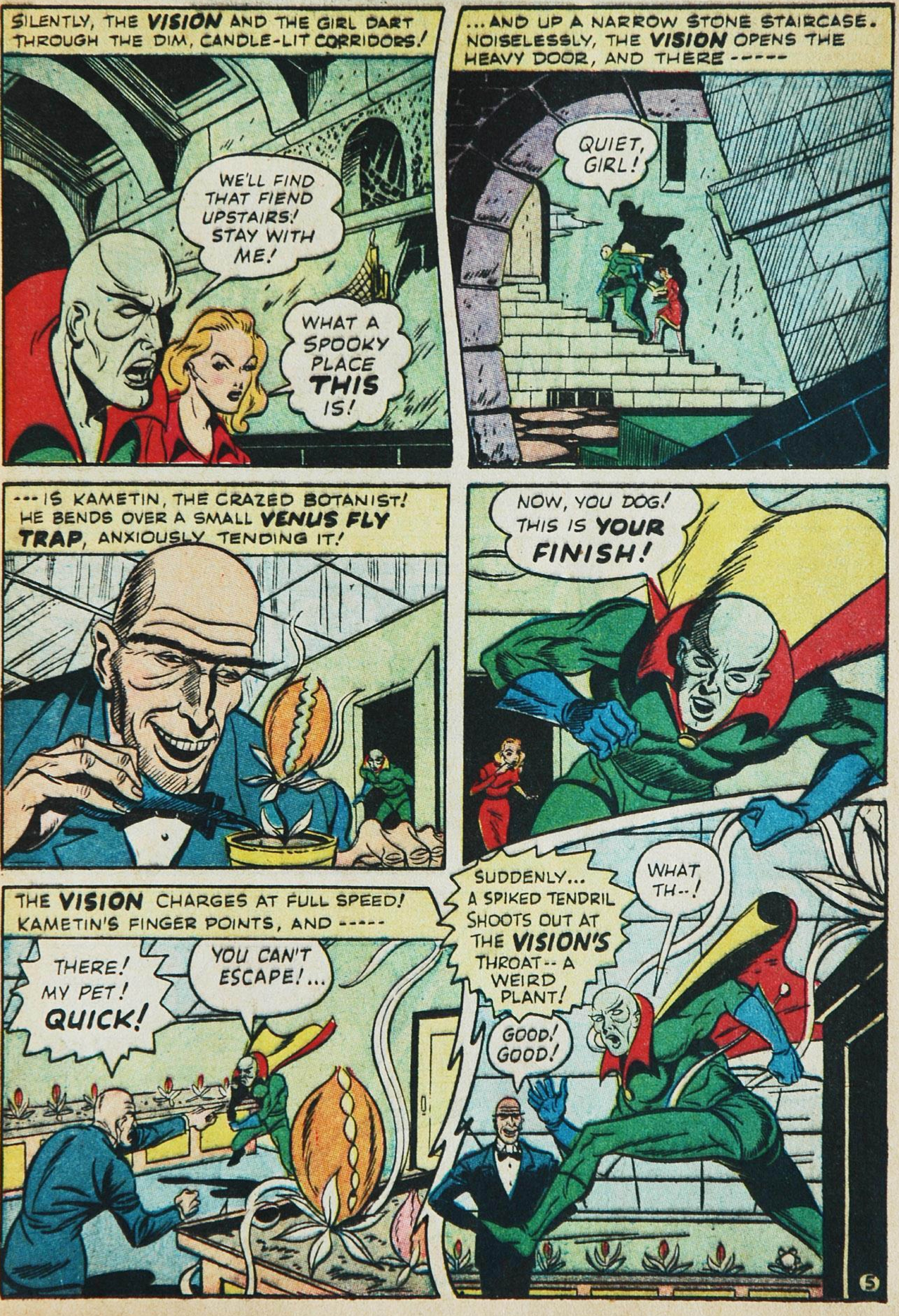
Don't miss the GREAT NEW
TERRY-TOONS
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
JULY 1ST.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

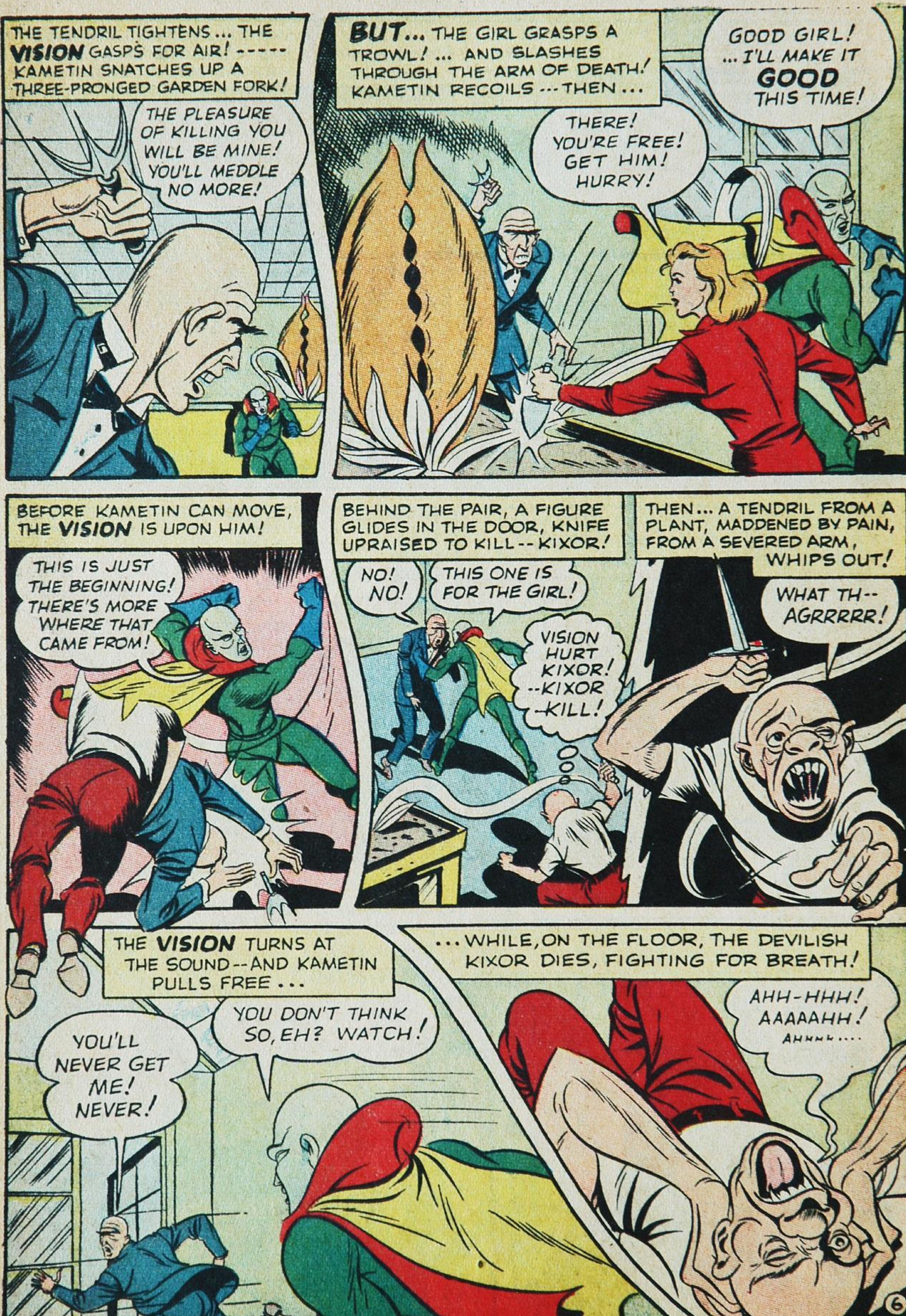

The VISION
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A DRAB NEW ENGLAND TOWN LIES A HUGE WALLED-IN MANSION... IT'S MASTER A SINISTER TWISTED-MINDED FIGURE! AND HE HAS A GARDEN --A GARDEN OF DEATH!
GARDEN OF DEATH!

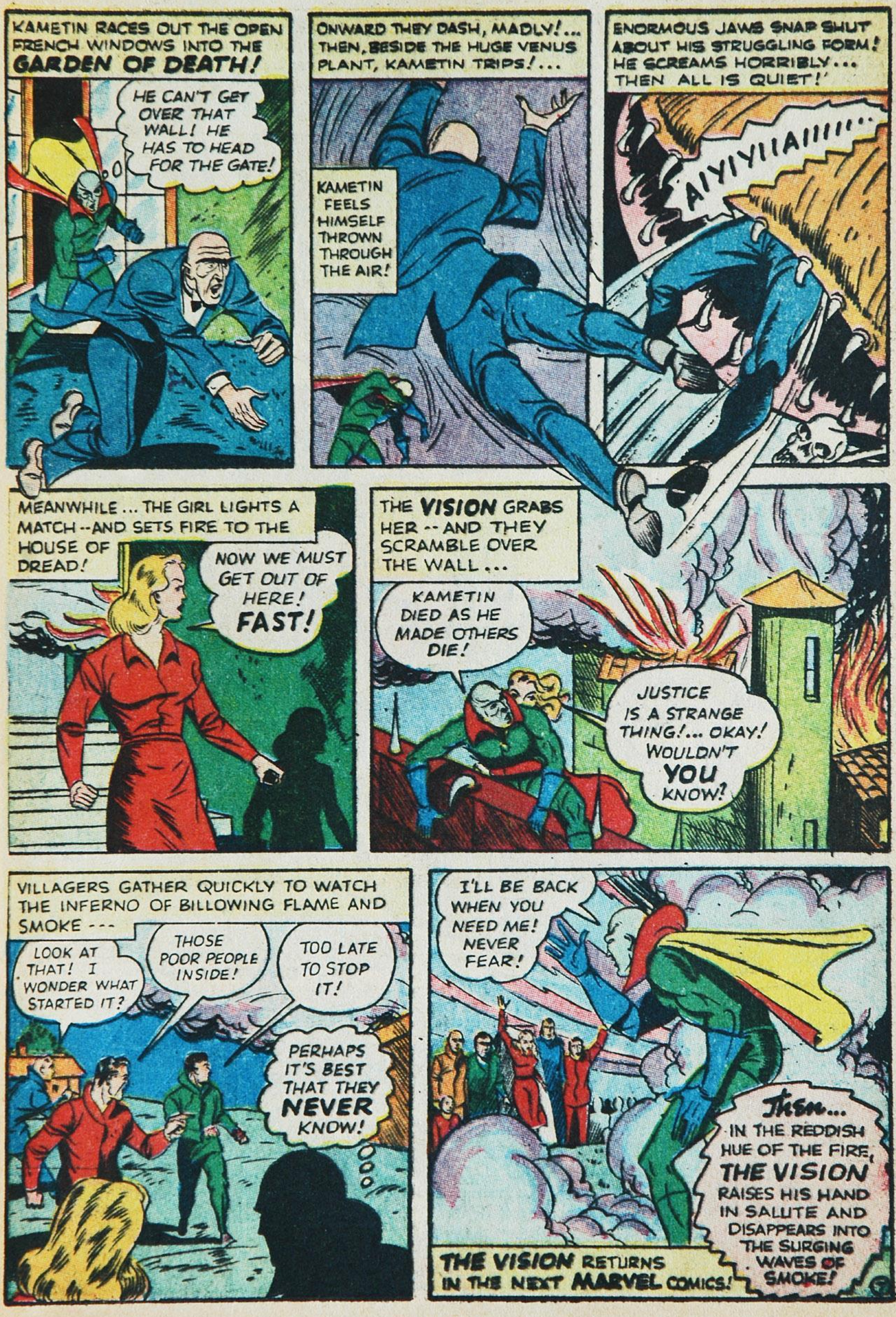
GHOSTLY WHITE PLANTS BLOOM BEYOND THE WALLS --- BUT THERE IN THE CENTER IS THE MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL --- A FLESH-EATER!
AH, KIXOR -- MY LITTLE VENUS MAN! THE TRAP LOOKS HUNGRY! COME! WE MUST GET IT FOOD!
QUITE! QUITE!
LATER ... TWO SHADOWY FIGURES STALK THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE ...
MASTER! THERE IS ONE! THE PLANT SHALL DINE WELL!
YES!
GRAB HIM, KIXOR! BEFORE HE AWAKENS THE VILLAGERS!
WHAT TH--! HELP! SOMEBODY! HELP!
A DULL THUD... THE VICTIM SLUMPS! HIS UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS CARRIED TO THE MANSION!
THIS WAY!-- HURRY!
COMING, MASTER!
INSIDE ... THE JAWS OF THE MAN-EATER GAPE HUNGRILY. THE VICTIM REVIVES -- IN TIME TO SEE HIS DOOM!
DON'T! STOP! PLEASE! OHHH!
THE JAWS SNAP TOGETHER WITH A SICKENING SOUND! THORNY TEETH RIP INTO HUMAN FLESH!
HIS BONES WILL SOON JOIN THE REST! AH! --- MY BEAUTIFUL PLANT!
KLUMP!

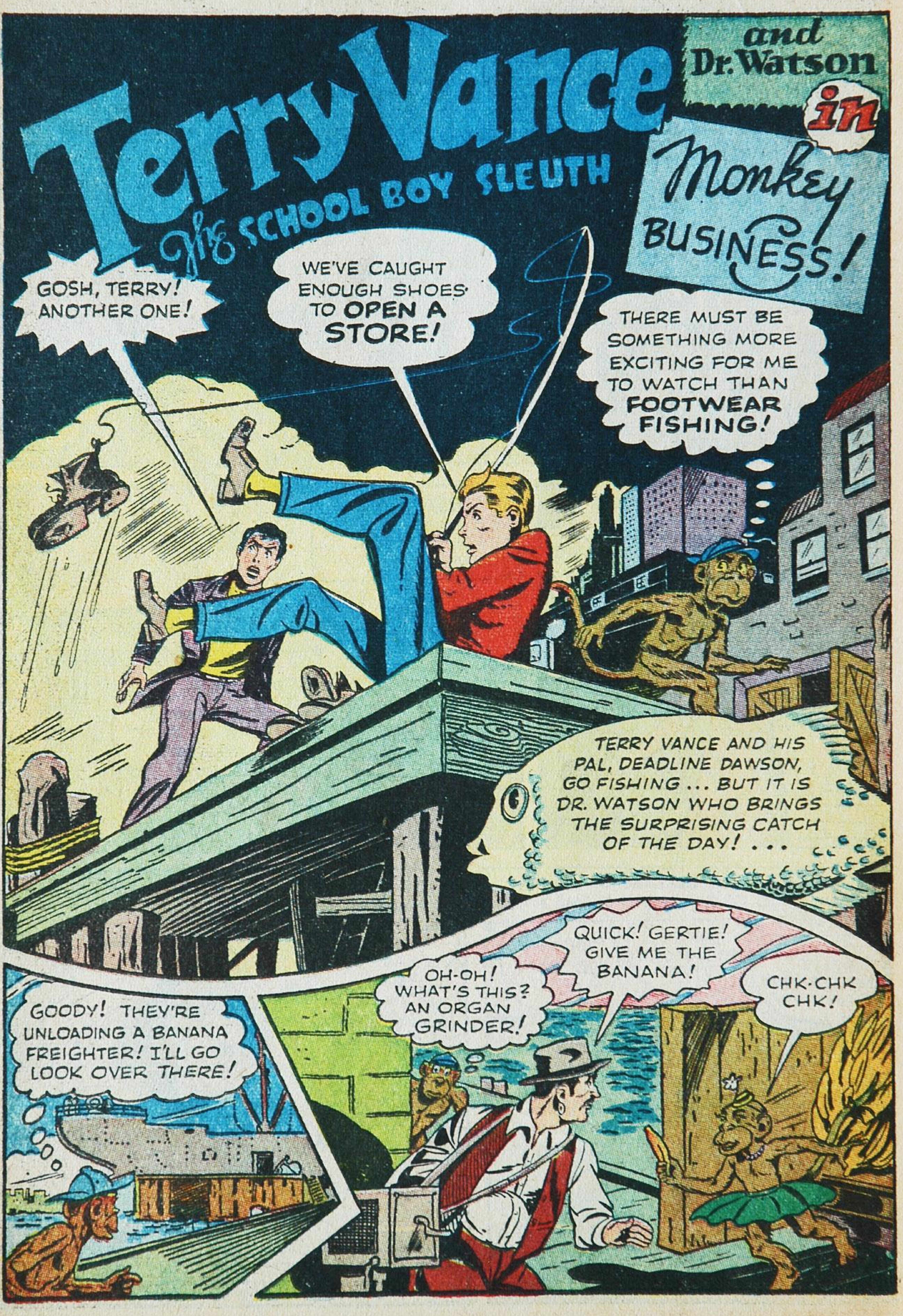

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT -- A VILLAGER DISAPPEARS WITH THE RISING OF THE FULL MOON! THE TOWNSFOLK HUDDLE BEHIND LOCKED DOORS IN HORRIBLE DREAD, FEARING FOR THEIR LIVES! THEN...
THE MOON IS FULL, KIXOR! THE PLANT MUST GROW LARGER!
YES, MASTER! WE LEAVE AT ONCE
AGAIN, THE WEIRD PAIR GO FORTH INTO THE DARKNESS-- AND ANOTHER MUST DIE!
BUT THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE FIGURE COMING FROM THE MISTS BEHIND THEM ... THE VISION! ---SCOURGE OF CRIME!
SO ... KAMETIN!-- THE EVIL BOTANIST OF THE ANDES! I THOUGHT SO! HIS WORK ON EARTH IS FINISHED!
DELIBERATELY, THE VISION OFFERS HIMSELF AS A VICTIM TO THE WAITING MASTERS OF DEATH!
CAREFUL, NOW! WE CAN NOT FAIL!
THE HUNCHBACK JUMPS... BUT THE VISION IS READY!
AH! ... EXCELLENT MATERIAL!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT -- A YOUNG GIRL PASSES ... AND SEES THE STRUGGLE IN THE STREET!
THE MASTER OF THE MANSION! HE IS THE ONE! OH!
SHE STARTS TO SCREAM ---BUT BEFORE SHE CAN UTTER A SOUND -----
GOT YOU! MY VENUS PLANT WILL HAVE TWO MEALS TONIGHT!
HE --- GLUB!
5

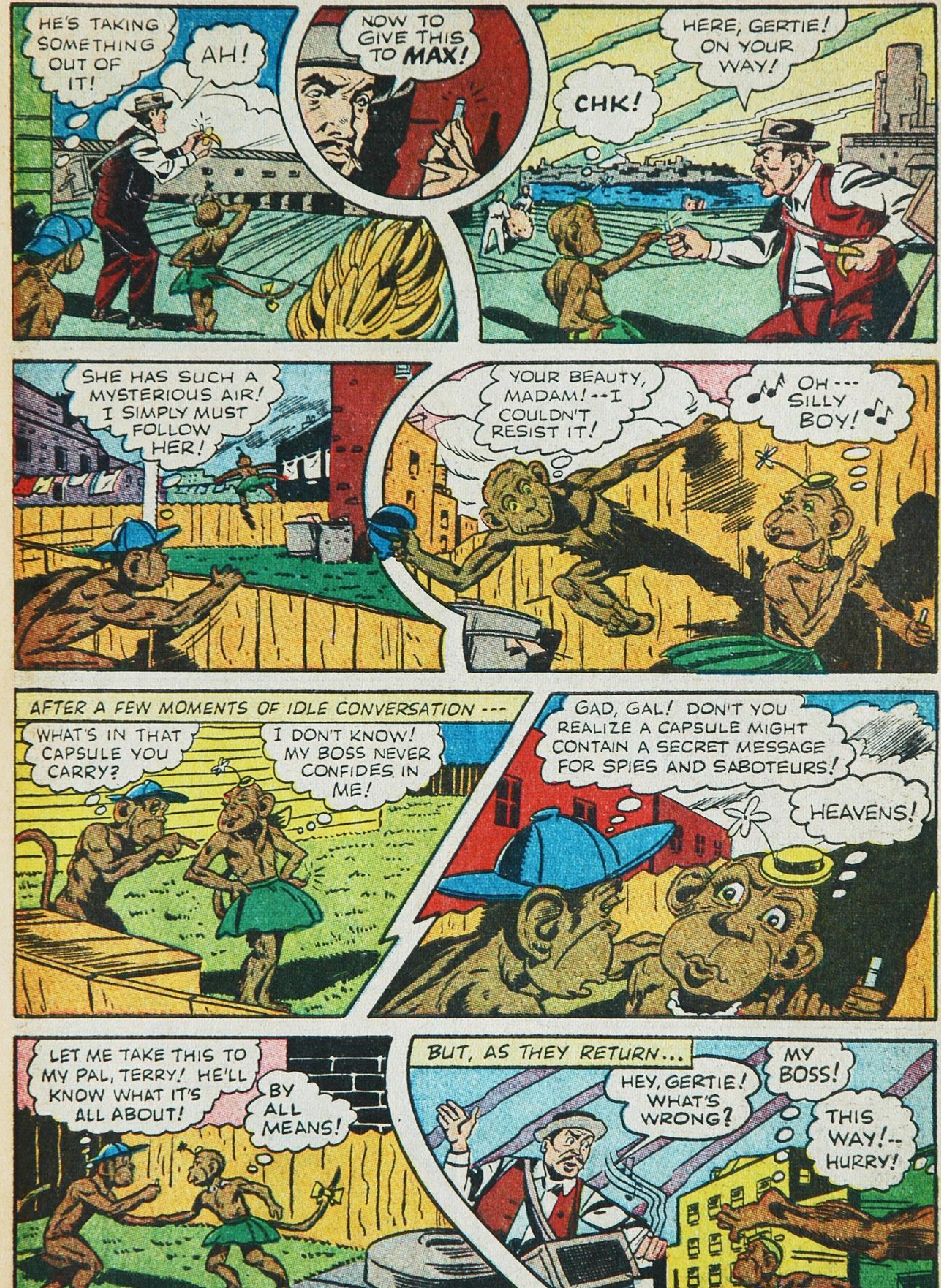
SIZING UP THE SITUATION, THE VISION FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS -- ROUGH HANDS GRAB HIM! . . .
...AND, WITH THE GIRL, HE IS DRAGGED TO THE MANSION AND CHAINED IN A DUNGEON TO AWAIT THE RISING OF THE FULL MOON!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
THAT YOU SHALL SEE! --WAIT!
WITH A SURGE OF STRENGTH -- THE VISION SNAPS HIS BONDS!
FOOLS! TO THINK THESE COULD HOLD ME!
UNTYING THE GIRL, THE VISION IS ABOUT TO FORCE THEIR ESCAPE -- WHEN...
QUIET! LISTEN! ... FOOTSTEPS, COMING THIS WAY!
OHH! OHHH!
THE VISION FLATTENS BEHIND THE DOOR -- IT OPENS -- KIXOR, THE HUNCHBACK, ENTERS!
WHAT! THEY'VE ESCAPED!
NOT QUITE!
THEN -- A MUSCULAR ARM SHOOTS OUT--- A BODY WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR! -----
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!
SPLAT
COME ON! I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON KAMETIN!
PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
4

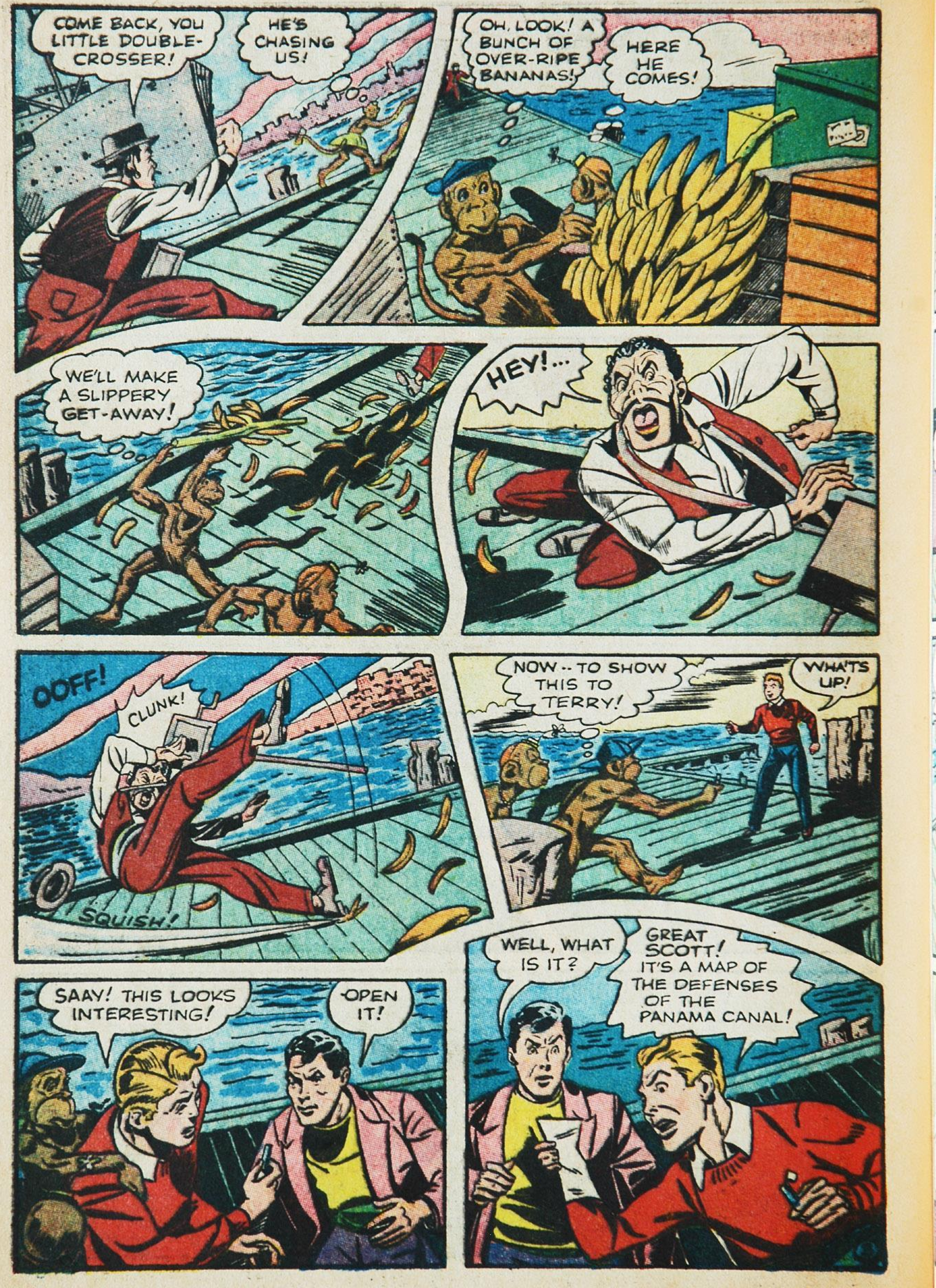

SILENTLY, THE VISION AND THE GIRL DART THROUGH THE DIM, CANDLE-LIT CORRIDORS!
WE'LL FIND THAT FIEND UPSTAIRS! STAY WITH ME!
WHAT A SPOOKY PLACE THIS IS!
...AND UP A NARROW STONE STAIRCASE. NOISELESSLY, THE VISION OPENS THE HEAVY DOOR, AND THERE -----
QUIET, GIRL!
---IS KAMETIN, THE CRAZED BOTANIST! HE BENDS OVER A SMALL VENUS FLY TRAP, ANXIOUSLY TENDING IT!
NOW, YOU DOG! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
THE VISION CHARGES AT FULL SPEED! KAMETIN'S FINGER POINTS, AND -----
THERE! MY PET! QUICK!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!...
SUDDENLY... A SPIKED TENDRIL SHOOTS OUT AT THE VISION'S THROAT-- A WEIRD PLANT!
WHAT TH--!
GOOD! GOOD!

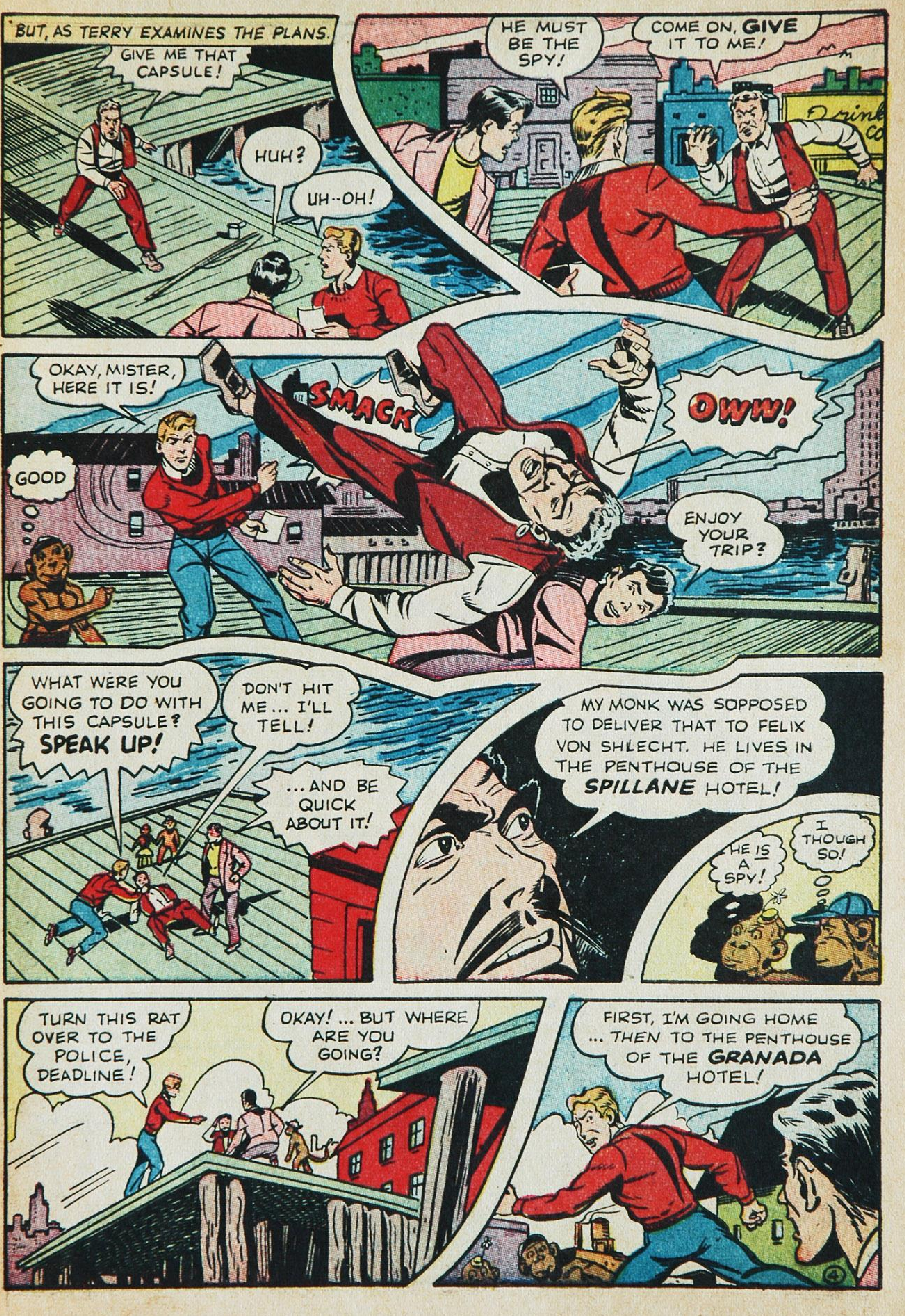

THE TENDRIL TIGHTENS ... THE **VISION** GASPS FOR AIR! ----- KAMETIN SNATCHES UP A THREE-PRONGED GARDEN FORK!
THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU WILL BE MINE! YOU'LL MEDDLE NO MORE!
BUT... THE GIRL GRASPS A TROWL! ... AND SLASHES THROUGH THE ARM OF DEATH! KAMETIN RECOILS --- THEN ...
THERE! YOU'RE FREE! GET HIM! HURRY!
GOOD GIRL! ... I'LL MAKE IT **GOOD** THIS TIME!
BEFORE KAMETIN CAN MOVE, THE **VISION** IS UPON HIM!
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
BEHIND THE PAIR, A FIGURE GLIDES IN THE DOOR, KNIFE UPRAISED TO KILL -- KIXOR!
NO! NO!
THIS ONE IS FOR THE GIRL!
VISION HURT KIXOR! --KIXOR -KILL!
THEN ... A TENDRIL FROM A PLANT, MADDENED BY PAIN, FROM A SEVERED ARM, WHIPS OUT!
WHAT TH-- AGRRRRR!
THE **VISION** TURNS AT THE SOUND -- AND KAMETIN PULLS FREE ...
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! NEVER!
YOU DON'T THINK SO, EH? WATCH!
... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR, THE DEVILISH KIXOR DIES, FIGHTING FOR BREATH!
AHH-HHH! AAAAAHH! AHHHH....

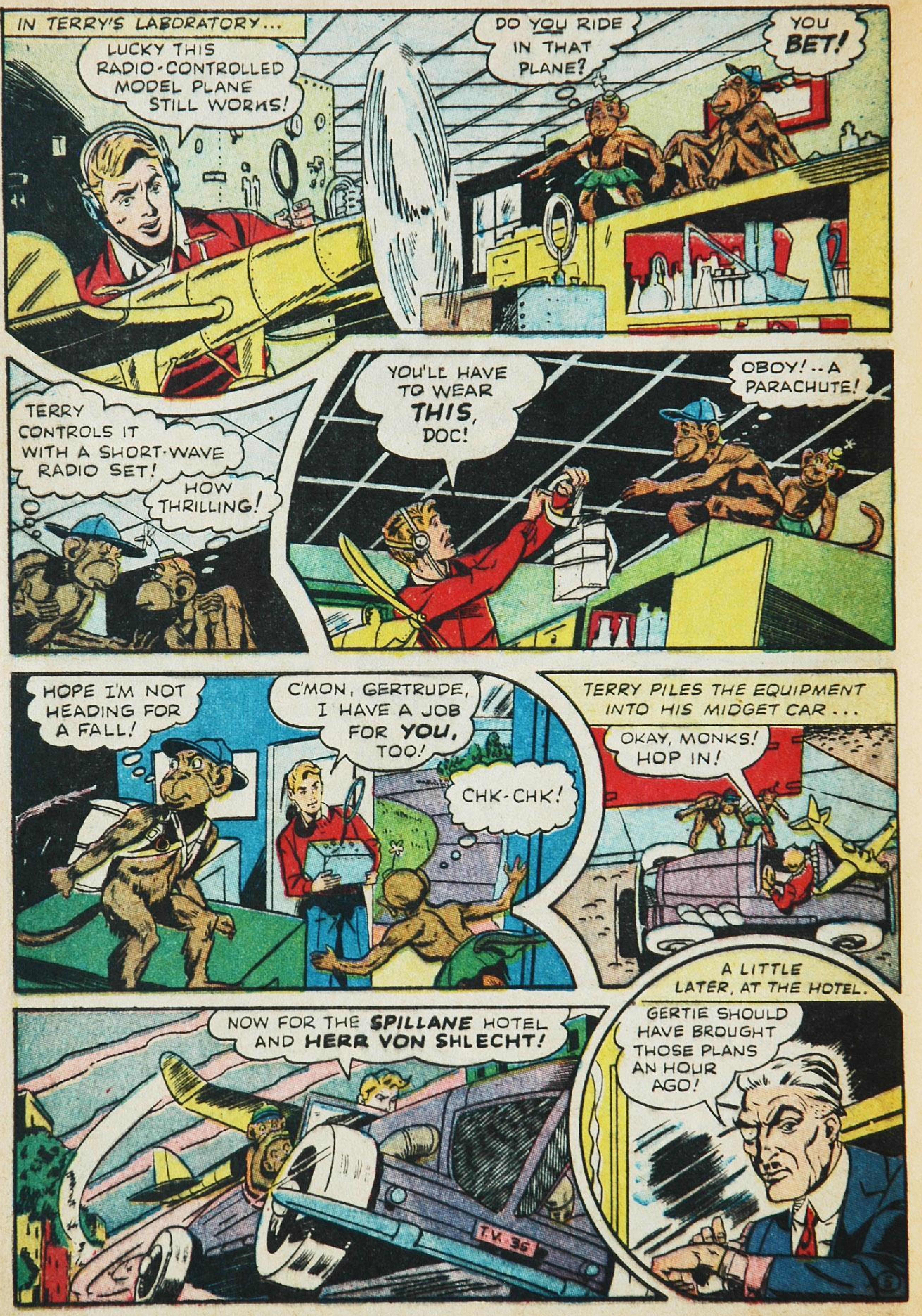

KAMETIN RACES OUT THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOWS INTO THE **GARDEN OF DEATH!**
HE CAN'T GET OVER THAT WALL! HE HAS TO HEAD FOR THE GATE!
ONWARD THEY DASH, MADLY!... THEN, BESIDE THE HUGE VENUS PLANT, KAMETIN TRIPS!...
KAMETIN FEELS HIMSELF THROWN THROUGH THE AIR!
ENORMOUS JAWS SNAP SHUT ABOUT HIS STRUGGLING FORM! HE SCREAMS HORRIBLY... THEN ALL IS QUIET!
AIYIYIIAIIIII...
MEANWHILE... THE GIRL LIGHTS A MATCH--AND SETS FIRE TO THE HOUSE OF DREAD!
NOW WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE! **FAST!**
THE **VISION** GRABS HER -- AND THEY SCRAMBLE OVER THE WALL...
KAMETIN DIED AS HE MADE OTHERS DIE!
JUSTICE IS A STRANGE THING!... OKAY! WOULDN'T **YOU** KNOW?
VILLAGERS GATHER QUICKLY TO WATCH THE INFERNO OF BILLOWING FLAME AND SMOKE---
LOOK AT THAT! I WONDER WHAT STARTED IT?
THOSE POOR PEOPLE INSIDE!
TOO LATE TO STOP IT!
PERHAPS IT'S BEST THAT THEY **NEVER** KNOW!
I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU NEED ME! NEVER FEAR!
Then... IN THE REDDISH HUE OF THE FIRE, **THE VISION** RAISES HIS HAND IN SALUTE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE SURGING WAVES OF SMOKE!
THE VISION RETURNS IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

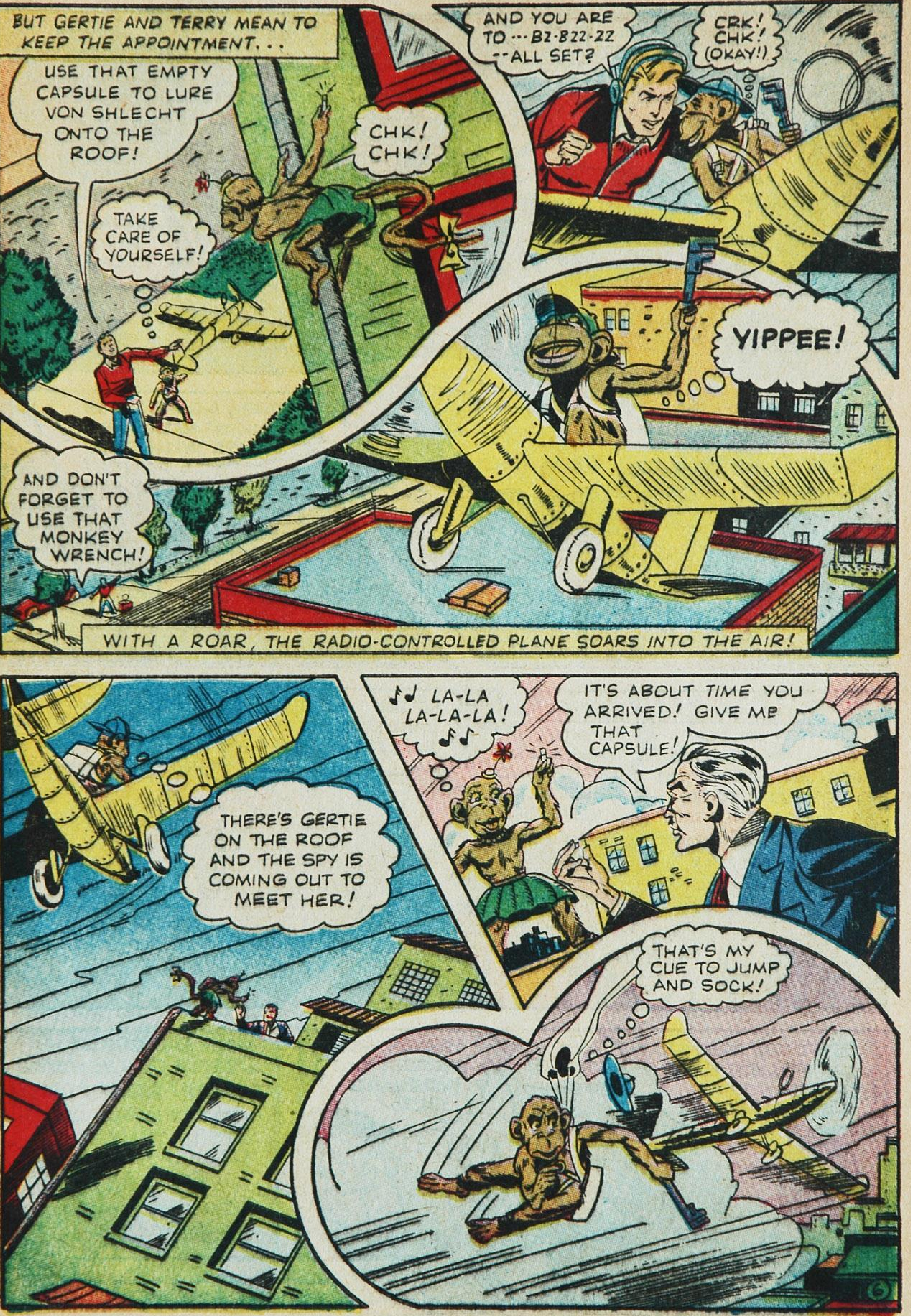

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
and Dr. Watson
in
Monkey BUSINESS!
GOSH, TERRY! ANOTHER ONE!
WE'VE CAUGHT ENOUGH SHOES TO OPEN A STORE!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE EXCITING FOR ME TO WATCH THAN FOOTWEAR FISHING!
TERRY VANCE AND HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON, GO FISHING ... BUT IT IS DR. WATSON WHO BRINGS THE SURPRISING CATCH OF THE DAY! . . .
GOODY! THEY'RE UNLOADING A BANANA FREIGHTER! I'LL GO LOOK OVER THERE!
OH-OH! WHAT'S THIS? AN ORGAN GRINDER!
QUICK! GERTIE! GIVE ME THE BANANA!
CHK-CHK CHK!

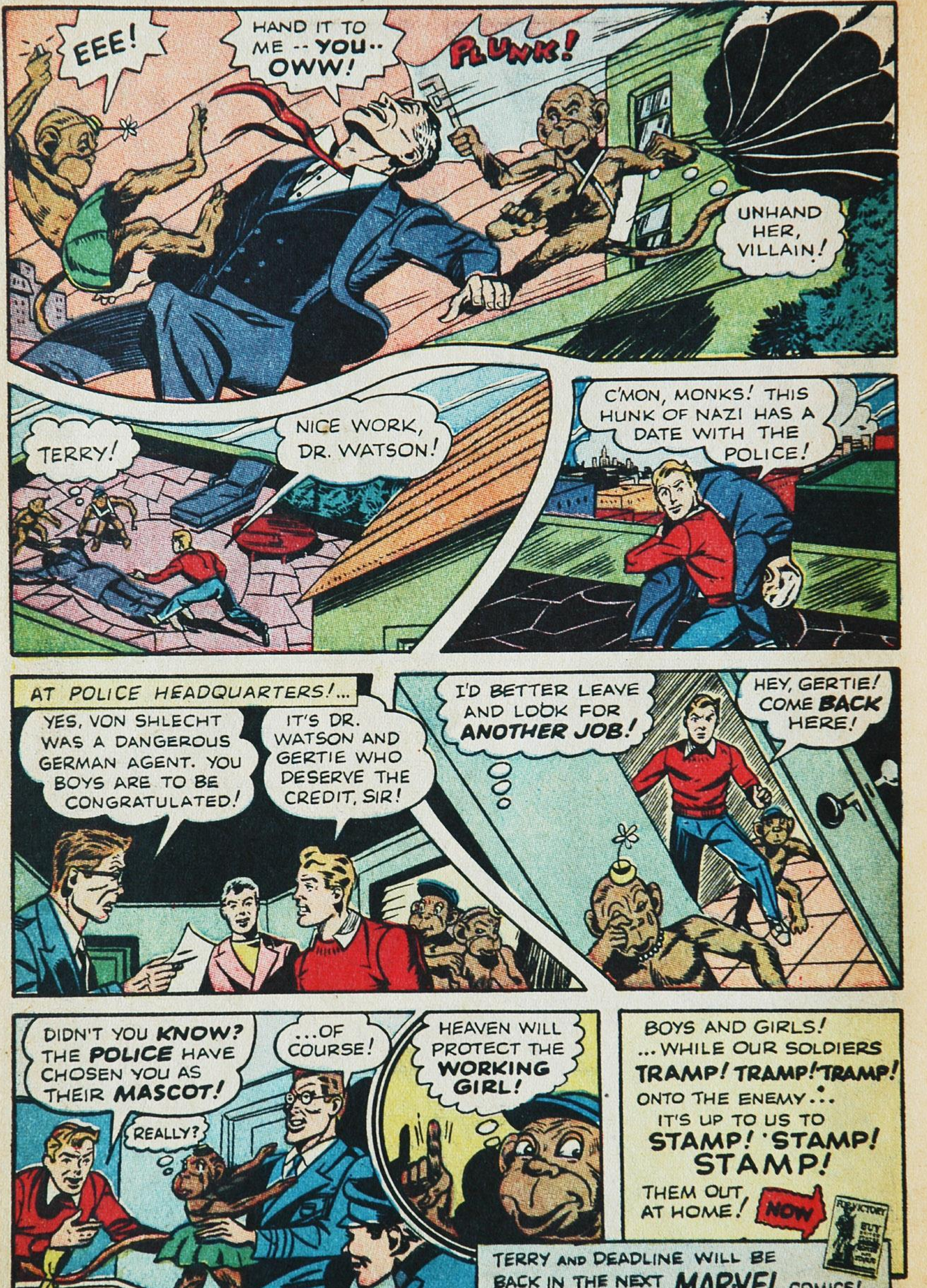

HE'S TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF IT!
AH!
NOW TO GIVE THIS TO **MAX**!
HERE, GERTIE! ON YOUR WAY!
CHK!
SHE HAS SUCH A MYSTERIOUS AIR! I SIMPLY MUST FOLLOW HER!
YOUR BEAUTY, MADAM! --I COULDN'T RESIST IT!
♪♪ OH --- SILLY BOY! ♪♪
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF IDLE CONVERSATION ---
WHAT'S IN THAT CAPSULE YOU CARRY?
I DON'T KNOW! MY BOSS NEVER CONFIDES IN ME!
GAD, GAL! DON'T YOU REALIZE A CAPSULE MIGHT CONTAIN A SECRET MESSAGE FOR SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
HEAVENS!
LET ME TAKE THIS TO MY PAL, TERRY! HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
BY ALL MEANS!
BUT, AS THEY RETURN...
HEY, GERTIE! WHAT'S WRONG?
MY BOSS!
THIS WAY!-- HURRY!
2

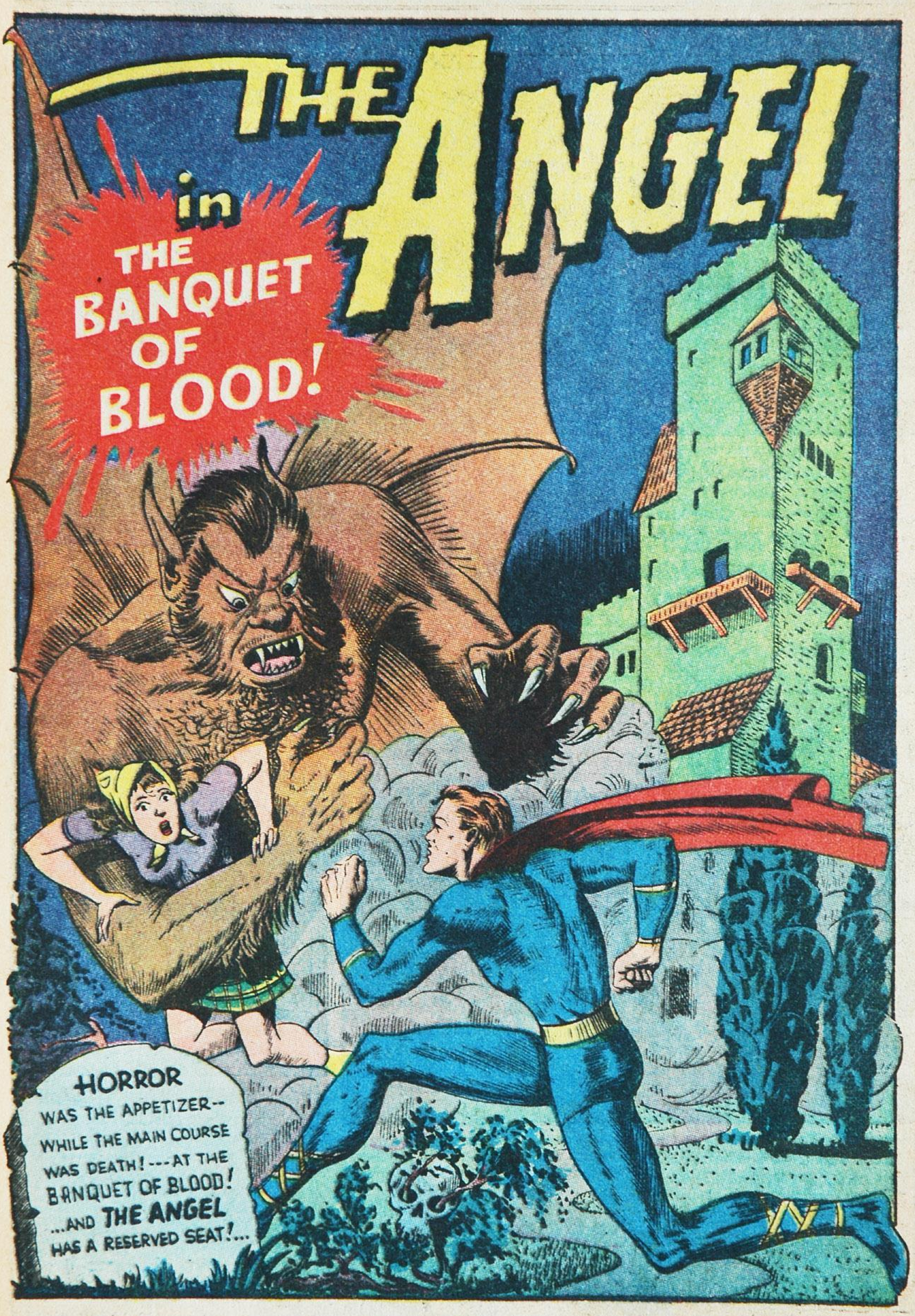

COME BACK, YOU LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER!
HE'S CHASING US!
OH, LOOK! A BUNCH OF OVER-RIPE BANANAS!
HERE HE COMES!
WE'LL MAKE A SLIPPERY GET-AWAY!
HEY!...
OOFF!
CLUNK!
SQUISH!
NOW -- TO SHOW THIS TO TERRY!
WHAT'S UP!
SAAY! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!
-OPEN IT!
WELL, WHAT IS IT?
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A MAP OF THE DEFENSES OF THE PANAMA CANAL!

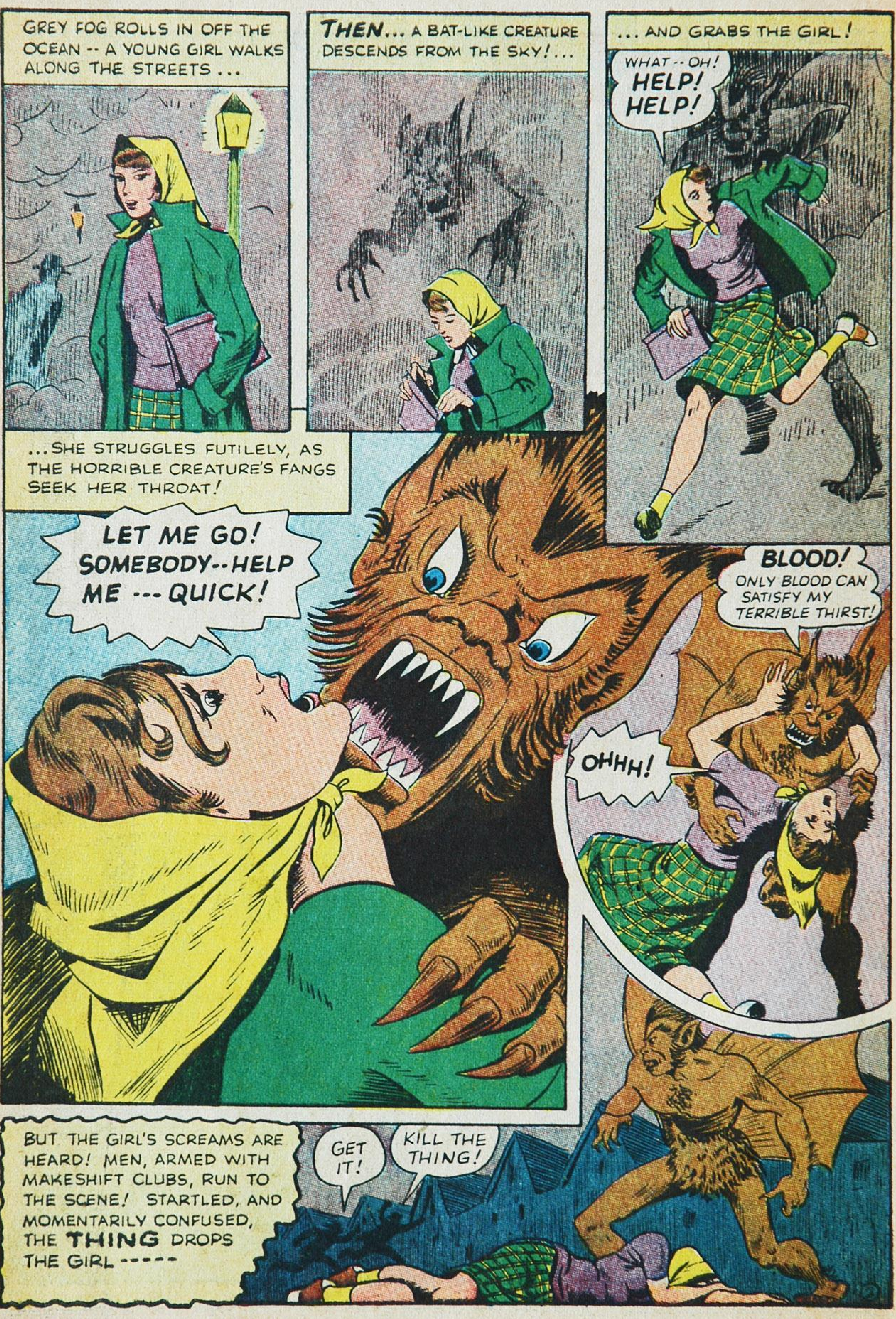

BUT, AS TERRY EXAMINES THE PLANS.
GIVE ME THAT CAPSULE!
HUH?
UH--OH!
HE MUST BE THE SPY!
COME ON, **GIVE** IT TO ME!
Drink CO
OKAY, MISTER, HERE IT IS!
GOOD
SMACK
OWW!
ENJOY YOUR TRIP?
WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS CAPSULE? **SPEAK UP!**
DON'T HIT ME... I'LL TELL!
...AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
MY MONK WAS SOPPOSED TO DELIVER THAT TO FELIX VON SHLECHT. HE LIVES IN THE PENTHOUSE OF THE ***SPILLANE*** HOTEL!
HE IS A SPY!
I THOUGH SO!
TURN THIS RAT OVER TO THE POLICE, DEADLINE!
OKAY! ... BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
FIRST, I'M GOING HOME ... *THEN* TO THE PENTHOUSE OF THE **GRANADA** HOTEL!

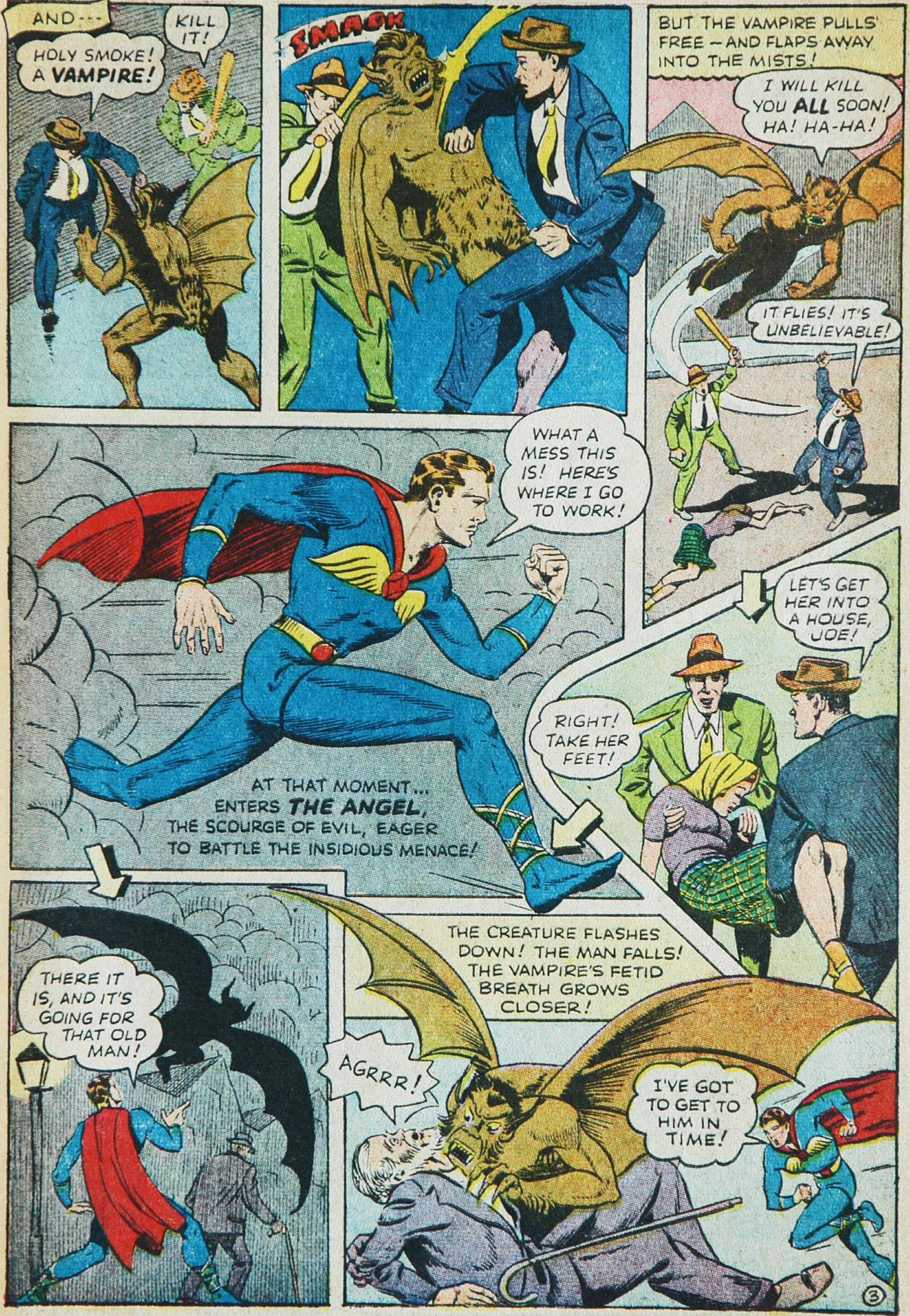

IN TERRY'S LABORATORY...
LUCKY THIS RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL PLANE STILL WORKS!
DO YOU RIDE IN THAT PLANE?
YOU BET!
TERRY CONTROLS IT WITH A SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET!
HOW THRILLING!
YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS, DOC!
OBOY!.. A PARACHUTE!
HOPE I'M NOT HEADING FOR A FALL!
C'MON, GERTRUDE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU, TOO!
CHK-CHK!
TERRY PILES THE EQUIPMENT INTO HIS MIDGET CAR...
OKAY, MONKS! HOP IN!
NOW FOR THE SPILLANE HOTEL AND HERR VON SHLECHT!
T.V. 36
A LITTLE LATER, AT THE HOTEL.
GERTIE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT THOSE PLANS AN HOUR AGO!

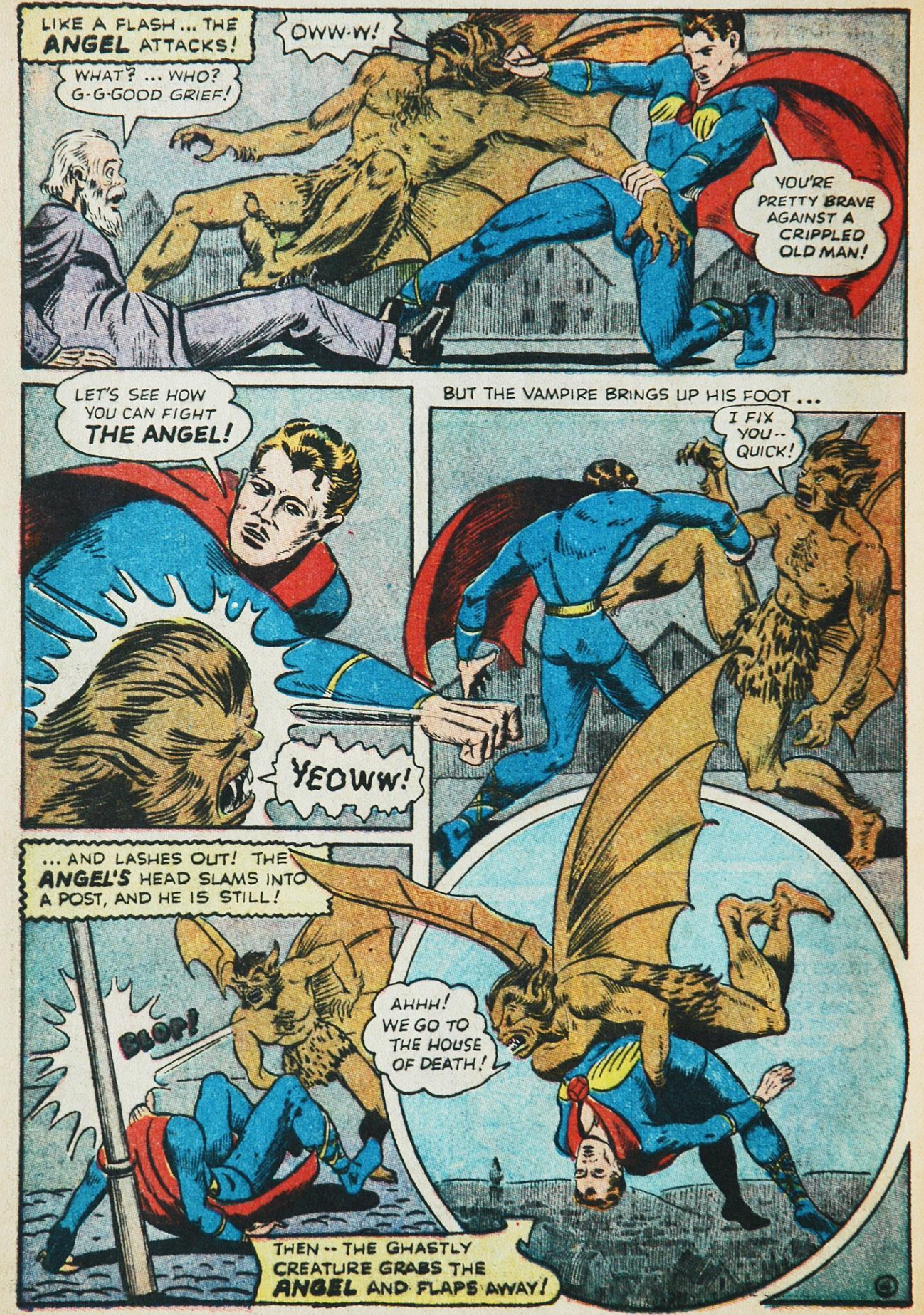

BUT GERTIE AND TERRY MEAN TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT...
USE THAT EMPTY CAPSULE TO LURE VON SHLECHT ONTO THE ROOF!
CHK! CHK!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
AND YOU ARE TO --- BZ-BZZ-ZZ --ALL SET?
CRK! CHK! (OKAY!)
YIPPEE!
AND DON'T FORGET TO USE THAT MONKEY WRENCH!
WITH A ROAR, THE RADIO-CONTROLLED PLANE SOARS INTO THE AIR!
THERE'S GERTIE ON THE ROOF AND THE SPY IS COMING OUT TO MEET HER!
♪♪ LA-LA LA-LA-LA! ♪♪
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ARRIVED! GIVE ME THAT CAPSULE!
THAT'S MY CUE TO JUMP AND SOCK!

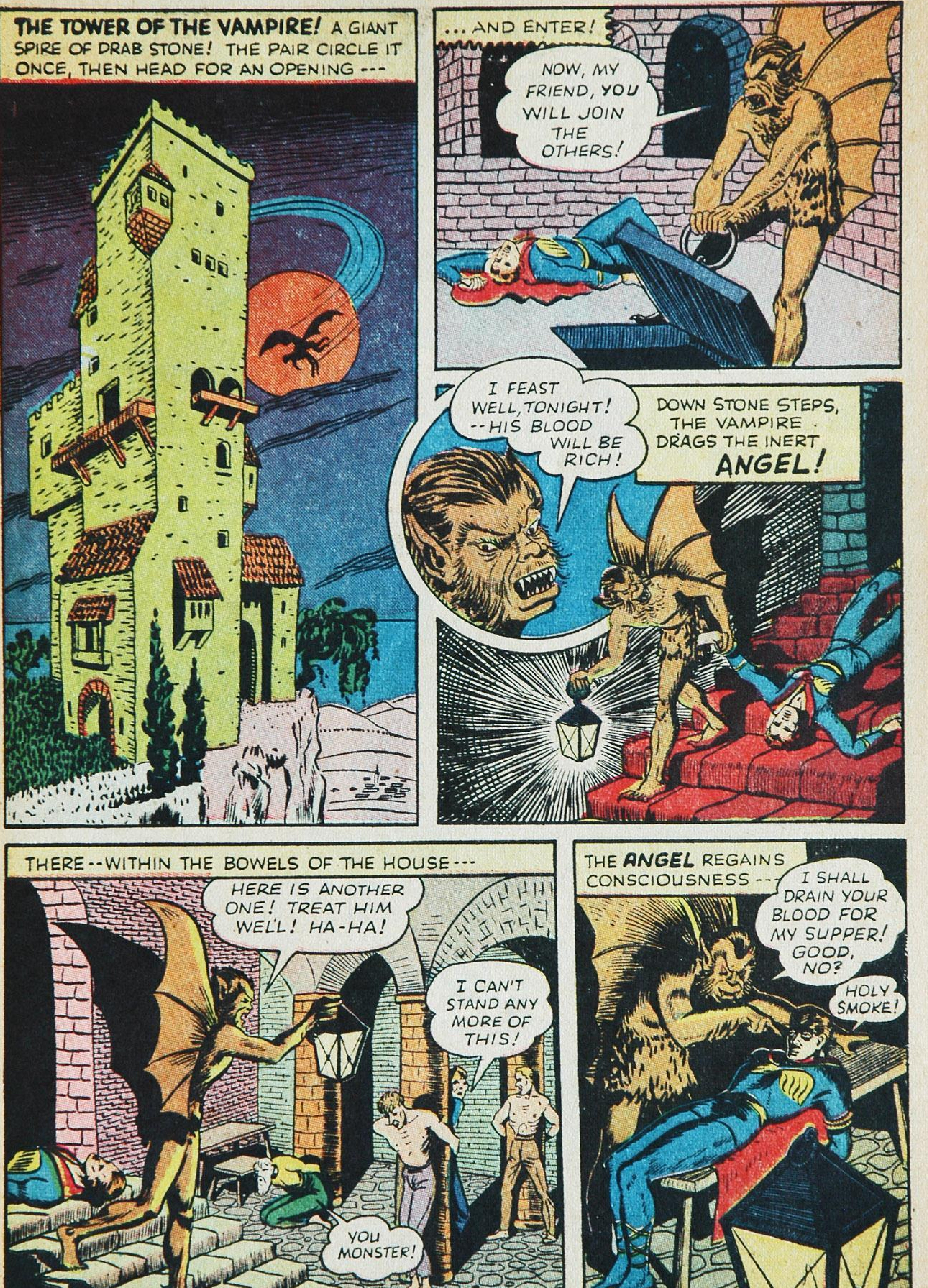

EEE!
HAND IT TO ME -- YOU -- OWW!
PLUNK!
UNHAND HER, VILLAIN!
TERRY!
NICE WORK, DR. WATSON!
C'MON, MONKS! THIS HUNK OF NAZI HAS A DATE WITH THE POLICE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!...
YES, VON SHLECHT WAS A DANGEROUS GERMAN AGENT. YOU BOYS ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED!
IT'S DR. WATSON AND GERTIE WHO DESERVE THE CREDIT, SIR!
I'D BETTER LEAVE AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!
HEY, GERTIE! COME BACK HERE!
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? THE POLICE HAVE CHOSEN YOU AS THEIR MASCOT!
REALLY?
...OF COURSE!
HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL!
BOYS AND GIRLS! ... WHILE OUR SOLDIERS TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! ONTO THE ENEMY... IT'S UP TO US TO STAMP! STAMP! STAMP! THEM OUT, AT HOME! NOW
FOR VICTORY BUY
TERRY AND DEADLINE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MAR-VEL COMICS!

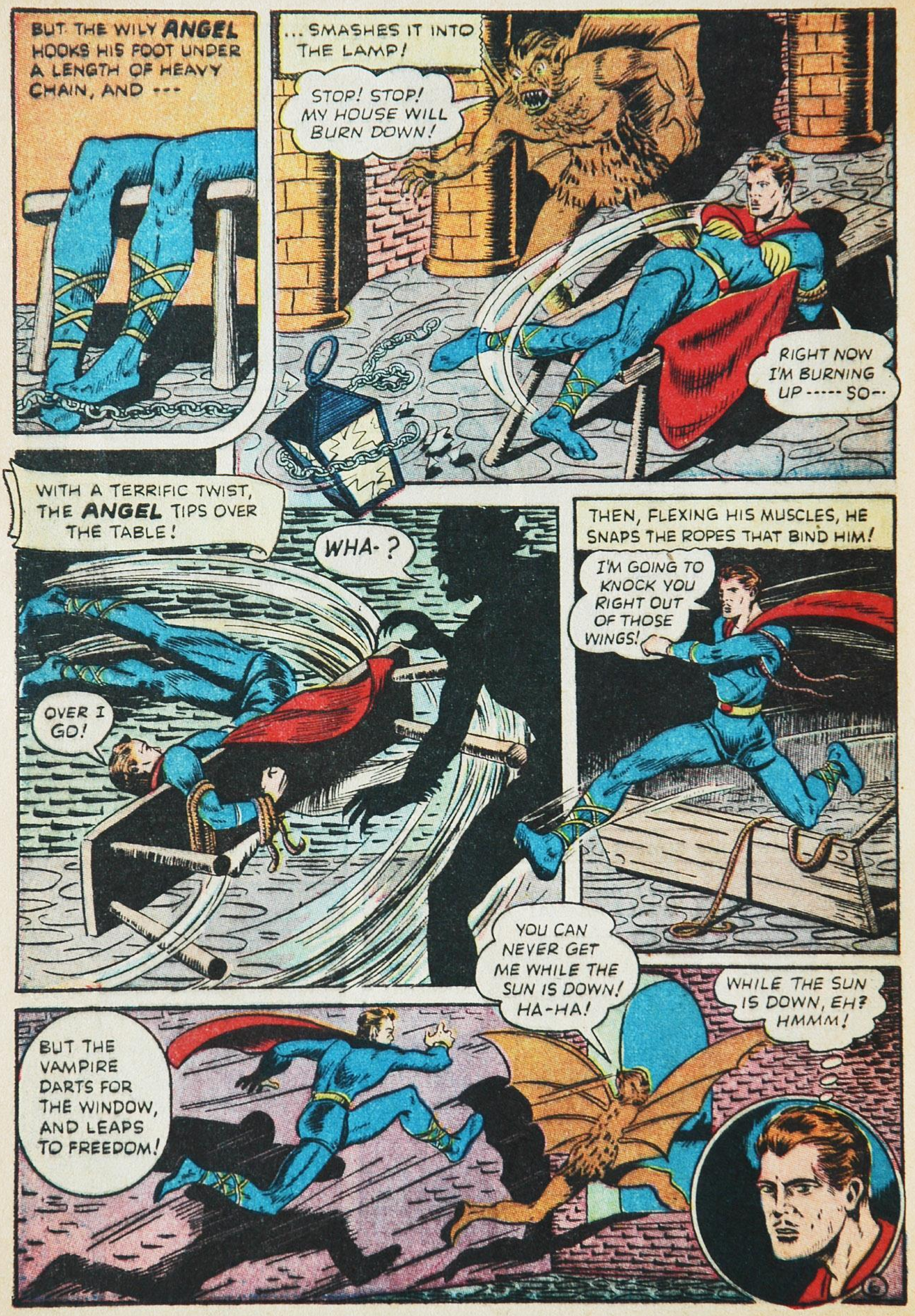

THE ANGEL
in
THE BANQUET OF BLOOD!
HORROR WAS THE APPETIZER-- WHILE THE MAIN COURSE WAS DEATH! ---AT THE BANQUET OF BLOOD! ...AND THE ANGEL HAS A RESERVED SEAT!...

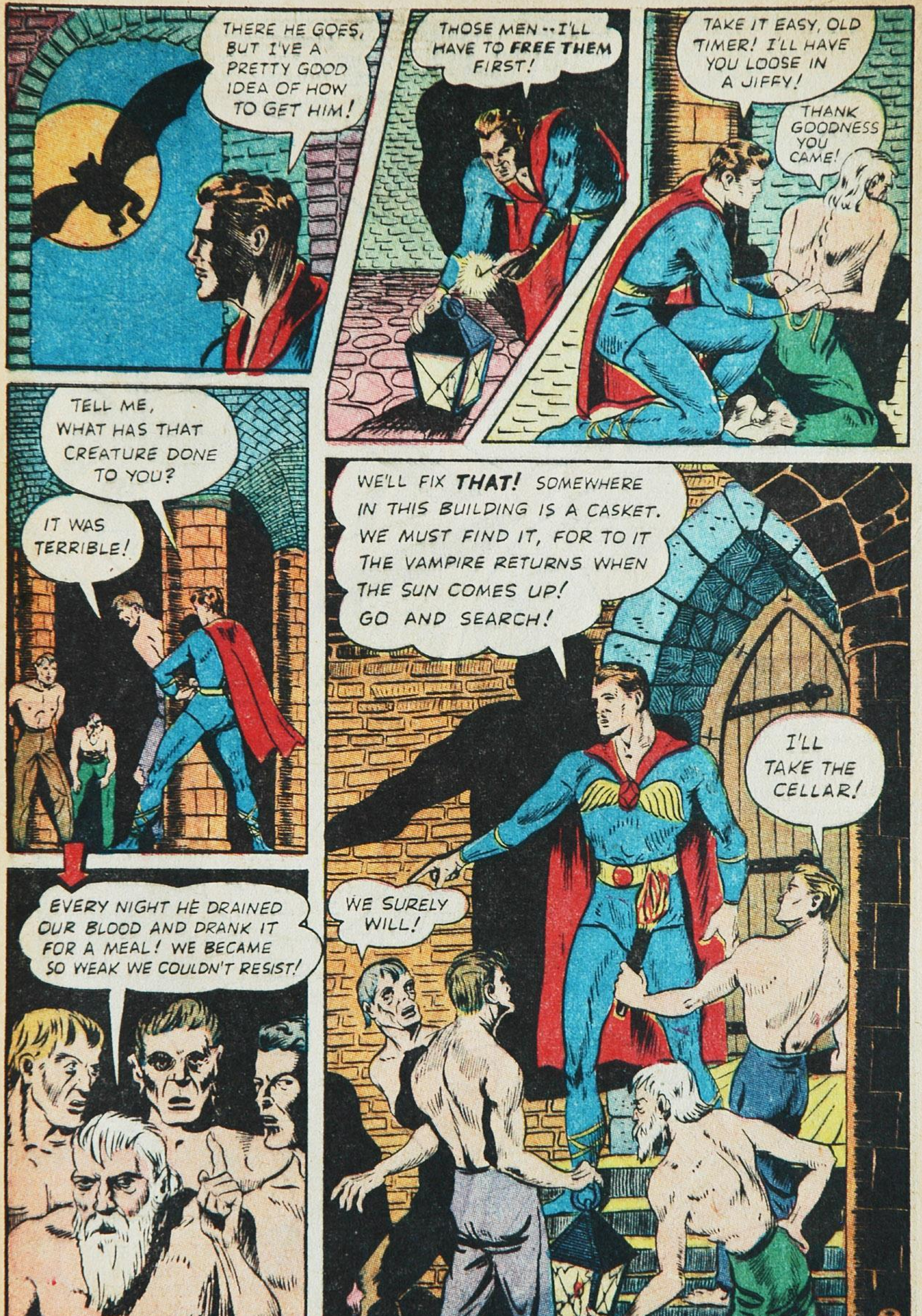

GREY FOG ROLLS IN OFF THE OCEAN -- A YOUNG GIRL WALKS ALONG THE STREETS ...
THEN... A BAT-LIKE CREATURE DESCENDS FROM THE SKY! ...
... AND GRABS THE GIRL!
WHAT -- OH! HELP! HELP!
... SHE STRUGGLES FUTILELY, AS THE HORRIBLE CREATURE'S FANGS SEEK HER THROAT!
LET ME GO! SOMEBODY -- HELP ME --- QUICK!
BLOOD! ONLY BLOOD CAN SATISFY MY TERRIBLE THIRST!
OHHH!
BUT THE GIRL'S SCREAMS ARE HEARD! MEN, ARMED WITH MAKESHIFT CLUBS, RUN TO THE SCENE! STARTLED, AND MOMENTARILY CONFUSED, THE THING DROPS THE GIRL -----
GET IT!
KILL THE THING!

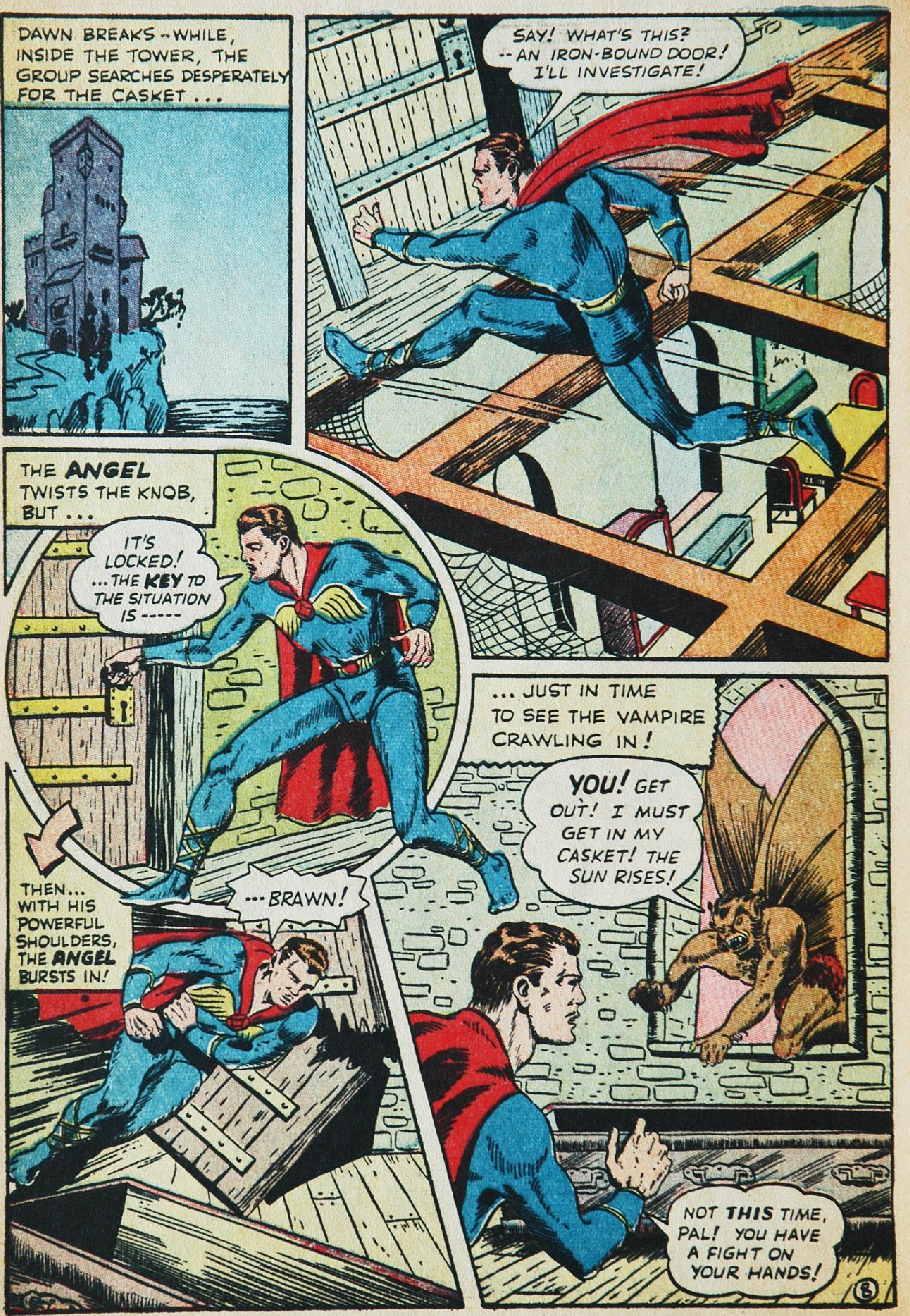

AND---
HOLY SMOKE! A **VAMPIRE**!
KILL IT!
SMACK
BUT THE VAMPIRE PULLS FREE — AND FLAPS AWAY INTO THE MISTS!
I WILL KILL YOU **ALL** SOON! HA! HA-HA!
IT FLIES! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
LET'S GET HER INTO A HOUSE, JOE!
RIGHT! TAKE HER FEET!
WHAT A MESS THIS IS! HERE'S WHERE I GO TO WORK!
AT THAT MOMENT... ENTERS **THE ANGEL**, THE SCOURGE OF EVIL, EAGER TO BATTLE THE INSIDIOUS MENACE!
THERE IT IS, AND IT'S GOING FOR THAT OLD MAN!
THE CREATURE FLASHES DOWN! THE MAN FALLS! THE VAMPIRE'S FETID BREATH GROWS CLOSER!
AGRRR!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM IN TIME!

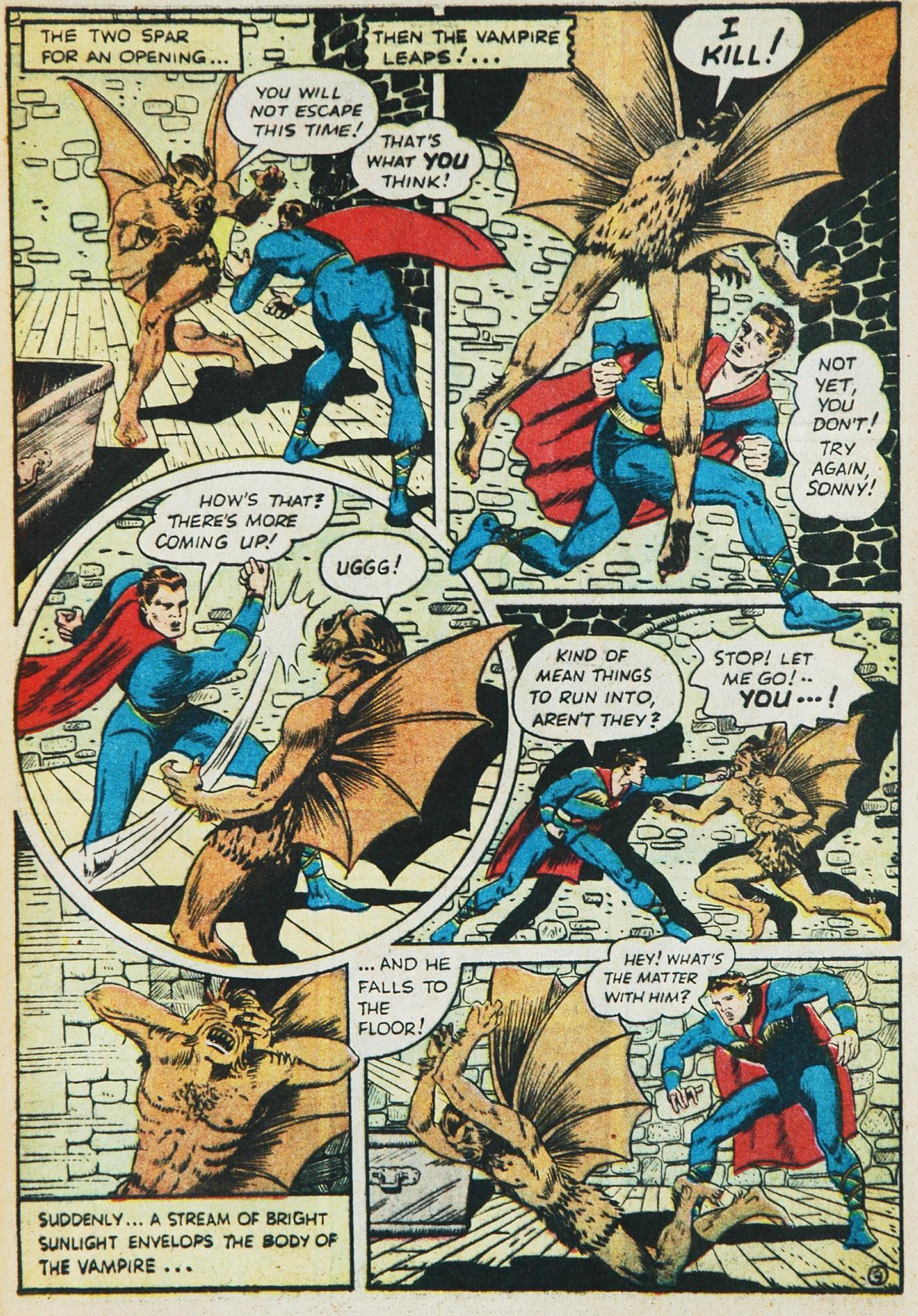

LIKE A FLASH ... THE ANGEL ATTACKS!
OWW-W!
WHAT? ... WHO? G-G-GOOD GRIEF!
YOU'RE PRETTY BRAVE AGAINST A CRIPPLED OLD MAN!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU CAN FIGHT THE ANGEL!
YEOWW!
BUT THE VAMPIRE BRINGS UP HIS FOOT ...
I FIX YOU-- QUICK!
... AND LASHES OUT! THE ANGEL'S HEAD SLAMS INTO A POST, AND HE IS STILL!
BLOP!
AHHH! WE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DEATH!
THEN -- THE GHASTLY CREATURE GRABS THE ANGEL AND FLAPS AWAY!

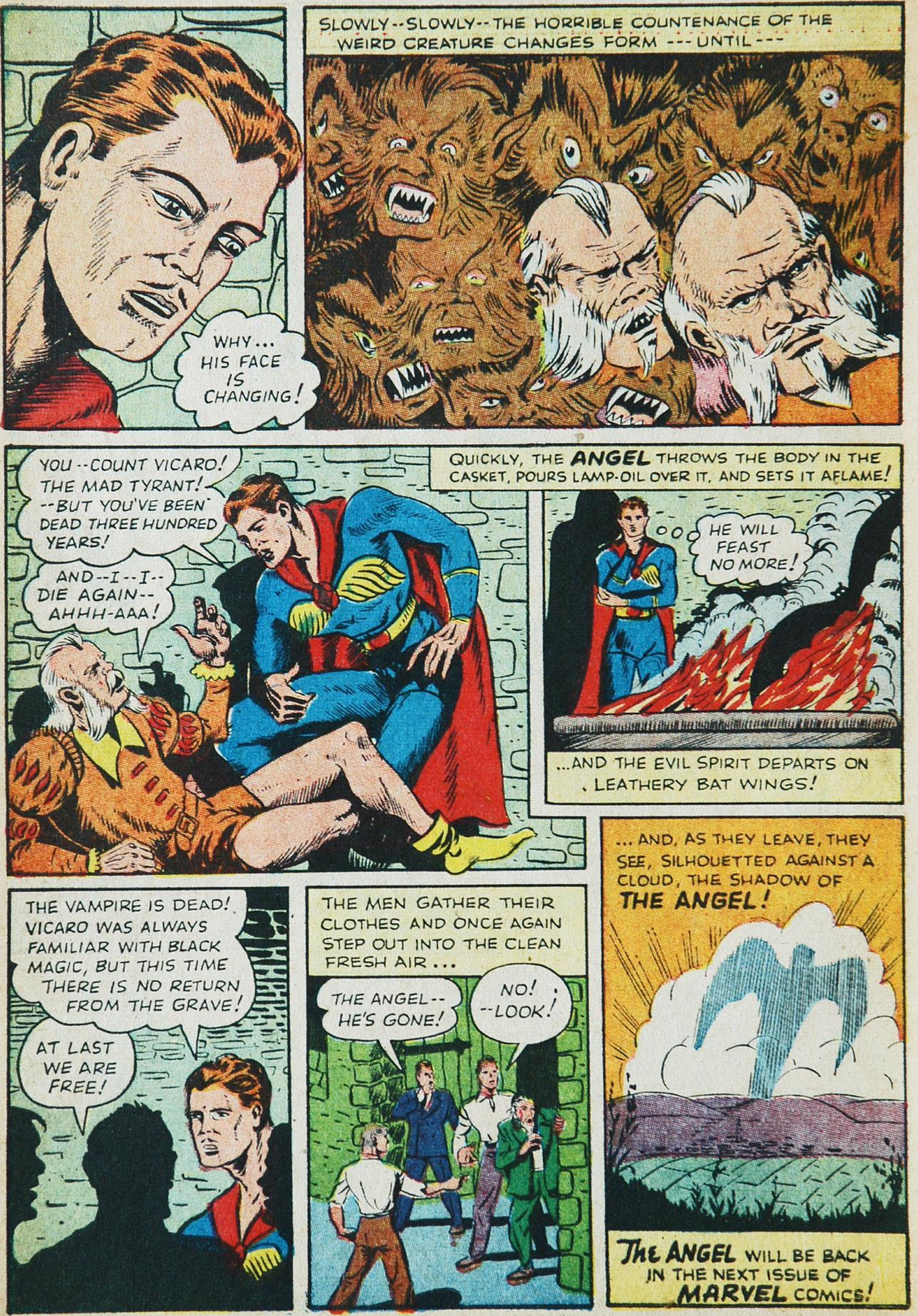

THE TOWER OF THE VAMPIRE! A GIANT SPIRE OF DRAB STONE! THE PAIR CIRCLE IT ONCE, THEN HEAD FOR AN OPENING ---
... AND ENTER!
NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU WILL JOIN THE OTHERS!
I FEAST WELL, TONIGHT! --HIS BLOOD WILL BE RICH!
DOWN STONE STEPS, THE VAMPIRE DRAGS THE INERT ANGEL!
THERE --WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE HOUSE ---
HERE IS ANOTHER ONE! TREAT HIM WELL! HA-HA!
I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS!
YOU MONSTER!
THE ANGEL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ---
I SHALL DRAIN YOUR BLOOD FOR MY SUPPER! GOOD, NO?
HOLY SMOKE!
5


BUT THE WILY **ANGEL** HOOKS HIS FOOT UNDER A LENGTH OF HEAVY CHAIN, AND ---
... SMASHES IT INTO THE LAMP!
STOP! STOP! MY HOUSE WILL BURN DOWN!
RIGHT NOW I'M BURNING UP ----- SO--
WITH A TERRIFIC TWIST, THE **ANGEL** TIPS OVER THE TABLE!
WHA-?
OVER I GO!
THEN, FLEXING HIS MUSCLES, HE SNAPS THE ROPES THAT BIND HIM!
I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU RIGHT OUT OF THOSE WINGS!
YOU CAN NEVER GET ME WHILE THE SUN IS DOWN! HA-HA!
WHILE THE SUN IS DOWN, EH? HMMM!
BUT THE VAMPIRE DARTS FOR THE WINDOW, AND LEAPS TO FREEDOM!
6


THERE HE GOES, BUT I'VE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF HOW TO GET HIM!
THOSE MEN -- I'LL HAVE TO **FREE THEM** FIRST!
TAKE IT EASY, OLD TIMER! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!
THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME!
TELL ME, WHAT HAS THAT CREATURE DONE TO YOU?
IT WAS TERRIBLE!
EVERY NIGHT HE DRAINED OUR BLOOD AND DRANK IT FOR A MEAL! WE BECAME SO WEAK WE COULDN'T RESIST!
WE'LL FIX **THAT!** SOMEWHERE IN THIS BUILDING IS A CASKET. WE MUST FIND IT, FOR TO IT THE VAMPIRE RETURNS WHEN THE SUN COMES UP! GO AND SEARCH!
I'LL TAKE THE CELLAR!
WE SURELY WILL!


DAWN BREAKS -- WHILE, INSIDE THE TOWER, THE GROUP SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE CASKET ...
SAY! WHAT'S THIS? -- AN IRON-BOUND DOOR! I'LL INVESTIGATE!
THE **ANGEL** TWISTS THE KNOB, BUT ...
IT'S LOCKED! ... THE **KEY** TO THE SITUATION IS -----
THEN... WITH HIS POWERFUL SHOULDERS, THE **ANGEL** BURSTS IN!
--- BRAWN!
... JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE VAMPIRE CRAWLING IN!
YOU! GET OUT! I MUST GET IN MY CASKET! THE SUN RISES!
NOT **THIS** TIME, PAL! YOU HAVE A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS!
8


THE TWO SPAR FOR AN OPENING...
YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE THIS TIME!
THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK!
THEN THE VAMPIRE LEAPS!...
I KILL!
NOT YET, YOU DON'T! TRY AGAIN, SONNY!
HOW'S THAT? THERE'S MORE COMING UP!
UGGG!
KIND OF MEAN THINGS TO RUN INTO, AREN'T THEY?
STOP! LET ME GO!.. **YOU...!**
SUDDENLY... A STREAM OF BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ENVELOPS THE BODY OF THE VAMPIRE...
...AND HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR!
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
5


WHY... HIS FACE IS CHANGING!

SLOWLY--SLOWLY--THE HORRIBLE COUNTENANCE OF THE WEIRD CREATURE CHANGES FORM ---UNTIL---

YOU--COUNT VICARO! THE MAD TYRANT! --BUT YOU'VE BEEN DEAD THREE HUNDRED YEARS!
AND--I--I--DIE AGAIN--AHHH-AAA!

QUICKLY, THE **ANGEL** THROWS THE BODY IN THE CASKET, POURS LAMP-OIL OVER IT, AND SETS IT AFLAME!

HE WILL FEAST NO MORE!

...AND THE EVIL SPIRIT DEPARTS ON LEATHERY BAT WINGS!

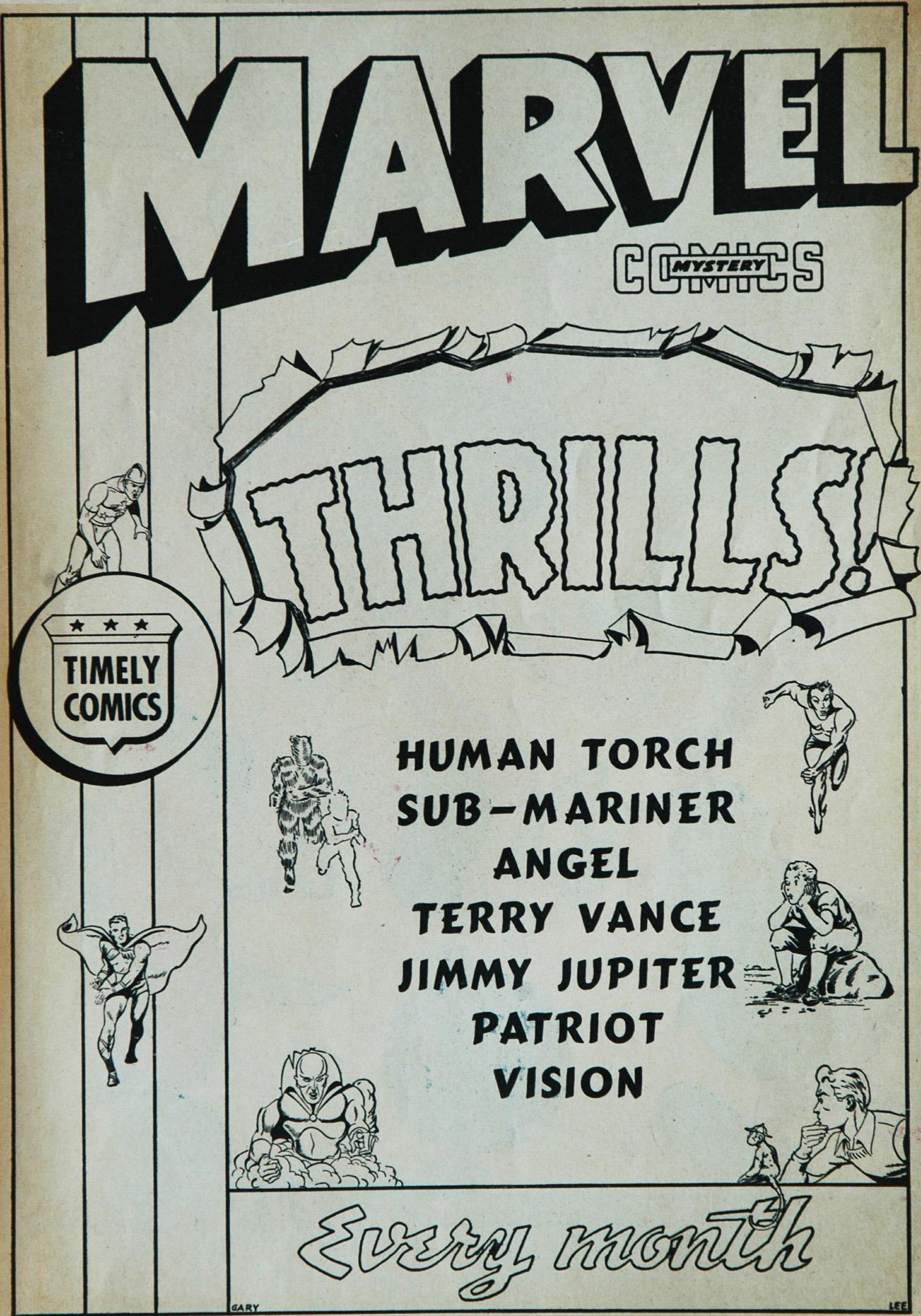
THE VAMPIRE IS DEAD! VICARO WAS ALWAYS FAMILIAR WITH BLACK MAGIC, BUT THIS TIME THERE IS NO RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!
AT LAST WE ARE FREE!

THE MEN GATHER THEIR CLOTHES AND ONCE AGAIN STEP OUT INTO THE CLEAN FRESH AIR...

THE ANGEL--HE'S GONE!
NO! --LOOK!

...AND, AS THEY LEAVE, THEY SEE, SILHOUETTED AGAINST A CLOUD, THE SHADOW OF **THE ANGEL!**

The ANGEL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL** COMICS!



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Every month

AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.
LEE

YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED
KRAZY KOMICS!
NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR
NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST. FOR....

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